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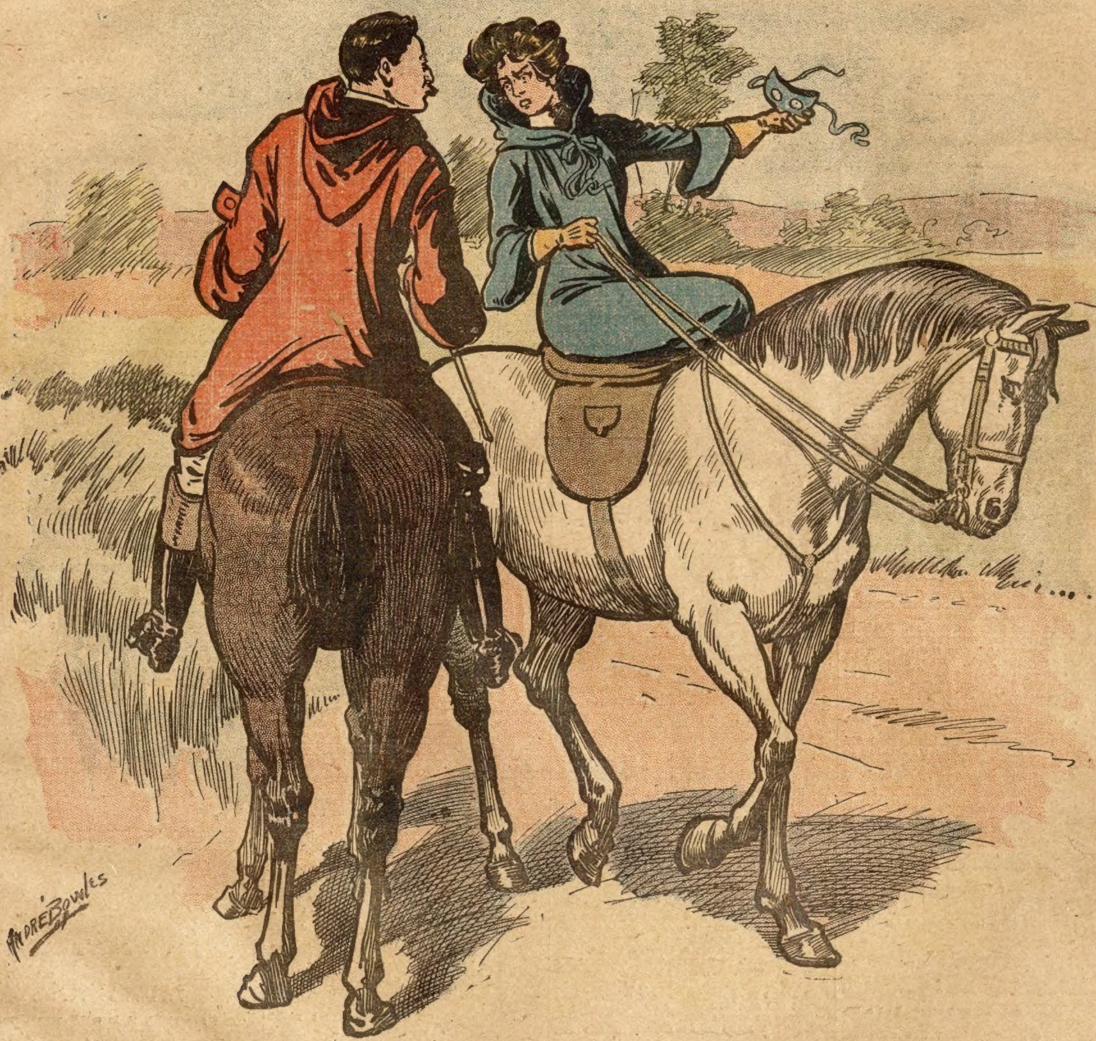

# MARRIED IN MASQUE;

## Or, Opal Dayne's Terrible Mistake.

### By T. C. HARBAUGH.

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## CHAPTER I.

## THE SOUTHRON'S DARE.

"You won't take it, eh? Cowards!"

The man who uttered these words was accounted the handsomest man in Mississippi.

Heir to one of the largest plantations, near the banks of the beautiful Pearl River, a young man who was called a little wild, for he had been permitted to have his way from early childhood, an only son and one upon whom the hopes of an indulgent father had rested until that parent had gone to his grave in sorrow, Mark Calvert should have been proud of his ancestry.

He addressed a number of boon companions in the little town of West Port, and his dare had not been taken.

"That's a pretty bold dare, Mark," ventured one of his friends, with a little laugh.

"Maybe you think I'm playing?"

"Not at all, but you know that La Belle Opal is engaged to marry Brinton?"

"Yes, we all know that, but this fact does not prevent me from staking a thousand that she does not."

"Don't you think she is in love with him?"

"I'm not discussing that proposition," rejoined Calvert. "I'm betting that she does not marry Guy Brinton tomorrow night."

"Oh, it's to be, then, is it?"

"So they say."

"I should think you'd give odds, Mark."

"It's a thousand even or nothing," was the response. "Any of you fellows want to take it?"

There was no answer from the crowd. The dare had silenced all.

Calvert coolly lit a fresh cigar and strode in front of the others with the air of a victor.

"I suppose Brinton does not know of your offer?" suggested one of the crowd.

"I haven't asked him," said Calvert. "He does not have to know. I am my own master and, if I do say it myself, there's no better man in West Port than Mark Calvert."

All were ready to admit this. No one had ever bested him at any feat of strength. He had had at least one duel and a number of wrestling matches in all of which he had come off first best.

"That's a queer freak of Calvert's," said one of the men when the young planter had walked away.

"It was braggadocio, nothing else," was the reply. "Calvert has been acting queerly for some time. The old feud between the planters is breaking out again and Mark has said within the last few weeks that he would get even with old Dayne yet."

"That's the girl's father."

"Yes, and, what is more, Calvert is just the man to make things lively up the river."

"And get shot for his pains, too."

"I don't know about that. Mark Calvert is handy with his gun and one has to be up betimes to get the best of him."

"Well, he's going home."

At this juncture Calvert was seen approaching, mounted on a beautiful sorrel and one of the best riding mares in the State. He still wore his dareful, defiant look.

"None o' you fellows want my pile?" he called out as he drew rein in front of the crowd at the town tavern. "I thought some o' you had a little sand."

"Not today, Mark," answered one of the group. "We're not at all flush."

"All right. I may see you later, but don't forget Mark Calvert's dare."

With this he spoke to the sorrel and in another moment was racing down the street.

"A good man but for his temper," was a remark that followed him.

"Yes, and but for it he might have had La Belle Opal instead of Brinton."

"That's right, Jerry. The girl had to choose between the two and she concluded to take Brinton with his little land instead of Calvert and his temper."

Just then a man was seen to turn into the main street of the town and, seeing the crowd on the porch of the tavern, he rode up to the rack and stroked his grayish beard.

This personage was Doctor Sample who had a plantation three miles from West Port and not far from the river. He was accounted a sport, despite his profession, and a bigger gambler was not at large in the entire State.

"What's the excitement?" he asked, looking over the group on the porch.

"No excitement at all, Doc," responded one of the crowd. "Any news from up the river?"

"Nothing much, only I've been picking a lot of birdshot from Tom Jeffries," was the answer.

"Old Tom or young Tom?"

"The old one," smiled Sample. "He got it in the back at the edge of the big brake last night."

"Dangerous, Doc?"

"Not very. It's hard to kill a Jeffries. You know the old one got it six times during the war?"

"And is pretty pert yet, eh?"

"As pert as a yellow jacket."

"I wonder who tried to git Tom?" drawled one of the fellows on the porch.

"That's a dangerous question, Porter," said Sample, singling out the questioner.

"Might be up thar," was the answer.

"Very dangerous, sir. The old feud's broken out again, you see. They traced some one from the edge of the big brake three miles north and lost the trail."

"Towards old Nelson's?"

"Yes, the track was lost just this side, not far from the Calvert plantation."

The men looked at one another, but did not speak. Had Mark Calvert anything to do with the ambuscade? He had not said anything about it and surely, had he been at home, he must have known.

"Wasn't that young Mark who just left town?" queried Sample. "I thought I recognized the sorrel as she went over the hill."

"That was Mark. He wanted to wager a thousand dollars, but not one o' us had the pluck to take him up, not to mention the cash."

"Wanted to bet a thousand?" and Sample laughed. "What was his dare this time?"

"He wanted to bet that Miss Opal Dayne doesn't become Mrs. Guy Brinton tomorrow night."

"Oh!"

"That was the dare, Doc."

"Why didn't he wait for me?"

The puffing of a boat came from the river tion taken by the young Southerner, but said nothing.

Presently he rode on and stopped at a little house at one end of the street where a young girl, a patient of his, was wrestling with the great white plague.

"Thar might have been a bet if Calvert had waited for Doc," remarked one of the loungers.

"I don't know. Doc is cool and stingy except when he has a good 'hand,' as we all know, and, then, he is a great friend of Calvert's."

Night settled down over the little Mississippi town.

The puffing of a boat came from the river for where the town stood the stream was still navigable; the hoot of the little owl was heard in one of the trees near the tavern and an old negro with a basket on his head sauntered across the street.

One of the loungers, a young man of six and twenty, rose and started after the darky.

"Which way, Uncle Eph?" he asked, catching up with the old man.

"I'se jes' gwine home. What, am dat you, Marse Jule?"

"No one else, Ephraim. Mark Calvert has just left town."

"Dat young scallawag?" and the eyes of the ex-slave seemed to get a new light.

"Yes. He's gone home on the sorrel. So they tried to get young Tom last night?"

The old man put his basket down and looked into the other's eyes.

"Yas," he said. "An' dat's only de beginnin', Marse Jule."

## CHAPTER II.

## THE BELLE OF COTTONLAND.

Let us go back to the night preceding the events we have just recorded.

But a short distance from the waters of Pearl River which scintillated in the soft moonlight which is fairest in the heart of the Southland, stood the home of the woman whose name had passed the lips of Calvert's heir.

It was a plantation which had escaped the wreck of war and the subsequent degradation of the reconstruction era. The house itself was one of stately mien, roomy like the houses of the Southern planters and beautified by the great trees that almost hid it from the nearest road.

There La Belle Opal, as she was called, was born, within the old house she had passed the years of girlhood, and there she had blossomed into that full womanhood which had secured for her the admiration of the whole district.

Beautiful and romantic, Opal Dayne was the life of the place; she was the best and surest rider in the whole country and her fair hand could hold a pistol as steadily as the most practiced shot among the sterner sex.

That a girl of her sort should have lovers went without saying; she could not count them on her dainty fingers and the young swains of the county were rivals for her smiles.

Her father had come out of the war with a colonel's commission; he had gone back to the old plantation and the negroes, disregarding the new era of freedom, had remained on the estate.

Unfortunately Colonel Dayne had been drawn into a feud which, starting soon after the war, had spread until the first families of the cotton belt had felt its effects. He was proud of his ancestry, proud of his only child, and Opal was as proud of her father.

On the night in question a young couple were seated at the edge of a little belt of timber not far from the home of the Daynes.

The moonlight fell softly upon them and the wind, stirring the full-leaved boughs, kissed the warm cheeks of the pair.

"I am sure papa will not object after it is all over," said the young girl, stealing a look at her companion. "I do not like these humdrum weddings. They are too inane. There might as well be a little romance in our mating, Guy, as not. Marriage in masque will be decidedly out of the commonplace and the countryside will have something to talk about for days to come."

"If it is your wish, darling, it shall be so," was the reply.

"I will meet you at the ford tomorrow night at eight and we will go to the parson's."

"And the masks?"

"I will prepare mine and have it on when I reach the ford and you can do the same. Mine shall be a blue mask——"

"And mine blue as well."

"Nay. Let yours be scarlet."

"Scarlet it shall be," said Guy Brinton as he snatched a kiss from his companion. "I trust your father will forgive us this little escapade——"

"Oh, he always forgives his madcap child," laughed Opal. "We have his blessing in advance. And now let us go back."

As they rose to their feet Opal Dayne started and turned a white face to her lover.

"What was that?" she exclaimed, sending a swift glance toward the denser part of the wood.

"A nocturnal squirrel. You are not frightened, dear?"

"No, not at a squirrel," was the reply as the fair girl shook off her fears. "I would not be fitted for your wife, Guy, if I let a rodent frighten me on the eve of my marriage."

She laughed with an abandon that seemed infectious and Guy Brinton echoed her merriment.

"I did not know squirrels were abroad after dark," she said.

"Shall I look, Opal?"

Before she could reply he had left the spot and she heard him searching the wood. Presently he came back, a smile on his face as he rejoined her in the moonlight.

"It may have been a fox," said he.

"Perhaps. The hounds were chasing Sir Reynard today. We shall have a hunt during our honeymoon. I want to show you how I can ride Bess, the new roan. Don't forget the scarlet mask, dear Guy——"

"There he goes again!" interrupted Brinton. "We must have disturbed the fox somehow."

"A pretty solid tread for a fox," observed Opal. "He may have pounced upon his supper," and she laughed merrily again.

He escorted her to the gate that opened into the road leading to the plantation home and gave her the good-night kiss, then, turning, he glided away while she remained at the gate watching him till the shadows hid him from sight.

Opal went into the house and to her own little room on the second floor.

The moonlight was in full glow and she glided to the window and looked out over the landscape it revealed. She could see the line of trees which told her where the river ran and beyond it a darkish line of hills.

The night was perfect. She saw the cabins of the ex-slaves with the moonshine on the sloping roofs and up to her came the odor of flowers in the garden below.

All at once the girl shrank from the window and, half burying herself from observation, gazed at a figure that had come into view. It was the figure of a man and he had apparently come out of the timber between the house and the wood she had lately left. It was not the figure of one of the negroes for they were all familiar to her, nor was it one of her kin.

That this person should come to her on the eve of her wedding romance was enough to startle the girl. She knew of the prevailing feud; she knew that the other side had threatened to fire the barns of her father and he had told her that they were watched every night by men who would shoot to kill.

For some time the figure stood motionless, half in moonshine and half in shadow.

At last it moved toward the gate, paused for a moment as if she had been discovered and then, advancing toward one of the cabins, flitted from view.

Opal thought rapidly. Was there a farm hand whom she distrusted?

Of all the ex-slaves was there a single one who would act in such a suspicious manner? No, she knew them all and they had been faithful, every one.

Opal stepped back into the room and took from beneath her pillow a revolver which she looked at in the moonlight. She was not a stranger to the silver-mounted weapon. Once she had almost taken life with it. It was in the days of the carpet baggers when the disreputable scum from the North came South like the plagues of Egypt and took what the war had spared.

Yes, on one occasion she had protected herself from the insults of one Captain Lon Dorsey, a man who, for a while ruled the county with a rod of iron, and she had thrust the weapon into his face with her white finger at the trigger. She had not seen the wretch for two years and it was said that he had been scared out of the country.

With the weapon in her hand she crept down the staircase and out into the night.

The strange man had gone toward one of the negro quarters. She had lost sight of him at its corner and now she was determined to see what the visit meant.

Opal reached the little cabin and paused at the corner of the logs.

No one was in sight.

She peered in every direction. The dogs had not been disturbed and when she thought of this she wondered if the man had not been a creature of her imagination.

Suddenly there arose from the ground, as it were, that same figure.

The belle of Pearl River fell back a pace and shielded her body with the hut.

The man was almost wholly in the shadow, but she could make him out, ghost-like and somber.

Was it the promised incendiary?

Colonel Dayne's daughter raised the revolver and looked along the barrel. She did not dare to take life, not even the life of a barn burner.

"I will give him a little fright," she said to herself. "I think I can pierce his hat."

With this she presed the trigger quickly, a hat jumped into the air and the man vanished. Ah, if the girl had only known!

## CHAPTER III.

## THE MARRIAGE IN MASQUE.

Opal went back into the house, after her shot, with a smile on her face.

She might have brought down her game had such been her intention, but it was not her desire to shed human blood. She was satisfied with acquainting the nocturnal intruder with the fact that he had been seen. There was a rush from the barns where the watchers were on duty, and for a little while they searched the vicinity, but found nothing. The shot mystified them, but they did not question the girl.

The next day Colonel Dayne's daughter was busy making preparations for the marriage in masque, but she did it so quietly that no one suspected her.

Her father was not at "Riverside," as the estate was called, and would not return until after the romantic wedding. Then Opal would explain all, and she doubted not that there would be a free forgiveness.

When night came Opal slipped from the house and took the way to the stables. She selected the roan mare, mounted and galloped toward the ford where she would meet Brinton.

It was a night suited to a romance of the kind she was carrying out. The air seemed redolent with music, and now and then the full orbed moon looked out from behind a bank of fleecy clouds.

When she neared the ford she took from her bosom a blue mask which she adjusted over her fair face.

"He will wear a scarlet domino," said the girl with a light laugh. "Guy will prove as romantic as myself and the good parson will smile at our little play."

In another moment she caught sight of a horseman near the shimmering river and then rode up to him.

"I am here," said Opal as she looked at the mask the man wore. "I hope I have not kept you waiting?"

The man shook his head and turned his steed toward the road that for some distance ran parallel with the river.

"I had quite an adventure last night after we parted," continued the girl.

"So?"

"I caught sight of some one near the house and followed him to one of the cabins. He acted so strangely that I shot to frighten him and pierced his hat. After that he made off and I am at a loss to know who he was."

There was no answer.

The home of the Rev. Mr. Bascom stood on a little rise not far from the road and presently the two horses came to a halt in front of it.

The man dismounted and helped his companion down. Not even then did Opal dream of the tragedy that was so near at hand. The horses were left at the rack and the door bell rang.

The Mississippi parson answered the summons in person, looked once at the masked figures and fell back with a gesture of alarm. He had recalled the days of the Ku Klux.

"It's all right," said Opal, reassuringly with a little laugh. "We need your services and our masks mean but a little whim."

"You will have to wait till I get a light for the parlor."

"Why not in the dark?" asked Opal's companion. "This little document explains all."

With this he thrust a folded paper in the parson's hand and that good man looked at it in the moonlight.

"Indeed?" he exclaimed with a little start. "Then, if you wish to carry your little whim to the end, there will be light enough in the parlor. The east window lets the moonlight in."

The couple followed the preacher into the house and stood in the middle of the room.

The ceremony did not take long.

"Do you," said he turning to Opal, "take this man to be your husband, to love, honor and obey him in everything so long as life may last?"

"I do," answered Opal in clear tones.

"And do you take this woman for your wife, to love and cherish her, to defend her and to be her companion through joy and trouble?"

"I do."

They were pronounced man and wife.

Oh, the tragedy of it all. Oh, the bitterness that was to follow, the exciting scenes of the future, the wild nights of trial for a fair young girl, the woe and the pains of the coming days and nights!

The bridegroom slipped a bill into the pracher's hand and the couple turned to go.

The whole scene had not occupied ten minutes.

Away from the country parsonage dashed the steeds, the couple riding side by side.

Opal suspected nothing. She was happy; she was the bride of the handsomest man in all the district and her girl friends would envy her her new life.

But why was Guy so silent?

She looked at him, his face still masked, and noted he looked straight ahead and did not reply to her little sallies of happiness.

What had come over him?

"We were to part here," said Opal, as they reached the place of rendezvous. "The secret will not be kept long, dearest. Papa will return tomorrow and then——"

"Yes," interrupted her companion.

Opal held out her hand.

"Good-night, dearest," she said. "Why have you been so glum? Does not the possession of a bride make you happy?"

For the first time that night he leaned toward her.

Behind the mask glowed a pair of eyes that shone like twin stars.

Opal had never seen such a gleam in Guy Brinton's eyes.

She, with a glow of pride began to lift her mask for the expected kiss.

"Off with the mask, Guy!" she exclaimed. "No time for the romantic whim now."

Her heart thrilled when she saw his hand move toward the scarlet domino.

Off came Opal's mask and she put up her white face for the bridal kiss, and the next moment his domino was thrown away.

The girl looked and fell back with a cry, every vestige of color fled from her face and she sat rigid in the saddle, her eyes staring at the man in utter amazement. Her heart seemed to stand still.

"You?" she exclaimed in a voice that did not seem like her own. "Merciful God! of all men, you?"

"Why not?" laughed the man. "Why should it not be me?"

"But you—Oh, this terrible deception——"

"Come, my love, let me have the bridal kiss."

"Not for a thousand worlds like this! I have been terribly duped. I have been made the victim of a—a brute!"

"That's a fine name for your husband," laughed the bridegroom.

"But one which well befits you," said Opal.

"You are my wife—my legally wedded wife and——"

"No! no!"

"But I say yes. Ask the parson on the hill."

"But I thought——"

"Yes, you thought you were getting quite another man, didn't you? But the law has made us one. We are husband and wife——"

"But you shall not claim me as such!" broke in Opal. "I will not consent to this base trickery. I will not recognize you as my husband. I hate you, Mark Calvert, for this."

Mark Calvert!

The name fell from Opal Dayne's lips in a hiss.

It was not Brinton, but his enemy and hers as well, the supposed leader of one of the bands of feudists and the desperate scapegrace of the district.

And she was his bride!

"Now for the bridal kiss."

"From your lips, wretch? Never!"

Well for Mark Calvert was it that the girl had not brought her revolver along.

There might have been a tragedy then and there and a dead man where the ripples of Pearl River ran toward the sea.

"Not for a thousand worlds!" exclaimed Opal. "This is not the end of this night's work."

"You are right, it is not," was the response. "This is only the beginning."

"Where is Guy Brinton?"

"What, the man who deserted you at the last moment?"

"It is false; he did not! There is tragedy here. Your wife, scoundrel? Never!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE TERRIBLE HOMECOMING.

In another moment Opal sat on her mare alone in the road.

The sound of hoofs were still in her ears and she had just seen Mark Calvert disappear in the distance.

The whole thing seemed a dream to her, a scene which imagination had plucked from the realms of fantasy. What, the bride of her father's enemy? She could not believe it. There was something so terrible about the thought that it drove her very soul to the edge of madness. She dared not think.

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At last she left the spot. Her face was now white to ghastliness.

Her hands clutched the rein and presently she turned Bess' head toward the scene of her strange bridal.

A few moments later she was pounding at the door of the little parsonage.

"Who is there?" came from beyond the portal.

"'Tis I," cried Opal. "I want in, Mr. Bascom. There has been a terrible mistake."

The door was pushed open and Opal dashed into the house. She confronted the minister in the light of the lamp he held in his hand, while he stared at her like one bereft of half his reason.

"What is it, child?" stammered Boaz Bascom. "What has happened to your husband?"

"He is not my husband, cannot be!" exclaimed Opal. "In the name of the God you serve, Mr. Bascom, tell me that I am not the wife of Mark Calvert."

"Which I cannot do, child."

"But the license? He gave it to you and you read it."

"It was all in proper form."

"With my name linked to his?"

"Yes, little one. I will get it."

The minister was gone but for a moment, though it seemed an age to Opal Dayne.

"Here it is," said he, placing the document in the trembling hands of the girl. "You will read it for yourself——"

Opal snatched at the paper and leaned toward the light. Her brain seemed to swim.

There it was, sure enough. She was the wife of Mark Calvert. The document had been stamped with the seal of the license clerk and everything was regular.

"You must not tear it up," cried Mr. Bascom, as he detected such a movement on the part of the girl. "This paper must be returned duly certified to." And he took it from her hands.

"Did you not know——"

"It was a foolish whim of mine that Guy and I should be married in masque. What a foolish woman I am!"

Bascom gave the girl a look of pity.

"It is done," said he. "And what is done cannot be undone."

"And am I truly the wife of Mark Calvert?"

"In the sight of God and in the laws of our State you are."

"Then may the vengeance of the future be upon the head of that guilty wretch!"

Boaz Bascom did not know what to say.

"I will go," pursued Opal. "I will not detain you longer. I do not censure you, sir. Oh, may Heaven give me strength to bear this disgrace."

"But how came he to play this dastardly trick?"

"Heavens knows. He must have overheard——"

"But where is Mr. Brinton?"

"I cannot tell you. He is not a party to this knavery. Guy knows nothing of this outrage. This surpasses any villainy of reconstruction days."

"It is strange. I should have thought you would have suspected."

"Fool that I did not, but love blinded me and I fell into the snare."

Opal bade the minister good-night and went out to her steed.

Her lips were welded together with some terrible resolution. She thought of a thousand things in one brief moment, her father's return, his rage and oaths, the triumph of Guy Brinton's rival, the laughter of the countryside, Mark Calvert's boasting that he was the husband of Colonel Dayne's daughter.

Her very senses seemed to leave her.

The night air but little cooled her cheeks. Down the road she dashed, the roan mare seeming to spurn the ground as she raced homeward.

Opal led her to the stall and gave her the parting patting on the sleek neck.

In her little room she flung herself upon the bed and gave way to a woman's tears. The moonlight stole in at the window and for some time bathed her form in its weird beauty.

All at once Opal leaped from the couch and took the revolver from beneath the spotless pillow.

"Why not?" she exclaimed. "Why not make the monster pay for this bit of infamy with his life? The court will acquit me. There is no jury in Mississippi that will send me to the scaffold. It will prove a lesson to others of Mark Calvert's stamp."

With the weapon in her hand she went across the carpet and opened the door.

"God help me, I will avenge myself," came from between welded teeth. "I will slay him and face the courts."

She was half way down the staircase when she heard a cry and the lower door flew open.

"Missus! missus!" shrieked the grotesque figure that almost fell headlong into the house.

"What is it, Lucy?"

Opal was at the foot of the stair in an instant.

The negress steadied herself against the wall and stared at the beautiful apparition by whom she was confronted.

She was speechless.

"What have you seen or heard?" demanded Opal as she shook the black into a semblance of animation. "In the name of Heaven, what have you seen?"

"Hit 's de ole marster. Dey 's bringin' him home."

"Papa?" cried Opal. "What has happened to him?"

"Dey 's ambushed de ole marster in de Ghost's Holler."

"No, no! It cannot be. You are dreaming, Lucy."

"Cripple Dick 's de one what found 'im an' he's dead——"

"Dead? Then thank God he will never know!"

"He'll nebber know what, Miss Opal?"

"Never mind, Lucy. Where is he?"

"Dick said as how dey war fetchin' 'im home."

Opal, with her brain on fire rushed from the house. She crossed the porch and flitted like a ghost down the walk between the magnolias.

Her father dead, murdered? And she the bride of Mark Calvert? Truly the cup of her agony was full.

Suddenly she heard voices among the trees and she shrank from the terrible sight she imagined was not far away.

A little calvacade came in sight, flitting among the shadows and Opal Dayne felt her heart stop apace.

"Steady there, Tom," said a voice. Hit 's de ole marster, remember——"

"Jes' as if I could fergit it."

Opal darted forward and stopped beside the moving group. She saw that one was leading a horse, while something terribly human was held across the saddle.

"Halt! all of you!" commanded Opal and the revolver came from its hiding place. "What have you there?"

"Hit 's missus!" cried a deep voice. "Who done tole you, girl?"

Opal did not reply, but sprang to the horse's side and stared at his burden.

"It is papa?"

"Yas, missus. Hit 's de ole Kurnel——"

"My God!"

The beautiful girl reeled away and for a moment seemed on the point of sinking to the ground, but the power of vengeance prevented.

"Take him home," she said to the blacks. "Be gentle with him. I will find the slayer and——"

"No, young missus. He 's hid by dis time. We kin set de hounds on his trail. You could not find him dis terrible night," and the hand that closed on Opal's wrist was black as jet, but it had the grip of a vise of steel.

This dramatic story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very startling episodes and situations. Its perusal to the end will highly reward you. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly advised to send in the price of subscription at once. If you do so, we will be glad to send you free one of our stereoscopes or any six patterns you may select from our pattern page, or one of our beautiful knit woolen shawls. Look at our advertisements on pages eleven, thirteen and fifteen.

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### His Motto.

"My motto," said the obese passenger with the multicolored tie, "is 'There's always room at the top.'"

"What's your line?" asked the hardware drummer.

"I manufacture a hair tonic," explained the heavy-weight.

## WITH THE GOATS.

BY JANE GORMAN.

Townley, slowly pacing the deck, came to the bar which separated the second cabin passengers from those occupying the first cabin. He leaned against the barrier for a moment and, as he did so, Eva Spaulding stepped out from the companionway and moved toward one of the steamer chairs that lined the after deck.

Her glance rested upon Townley for a moment and her face flushed as she nodded. Townley slipped under the rail and came toward her.

"What are you doing on board?" he demanded. "I did not see your name on the passenger list."

"I believe that they do not include the second cabin passengers on the list when the boat is crowded," she said indifferently. "We are traveling second-class, you know."

"Second?" he echoed. "Surely nothing is wrong?"

"I think I rather enjoy being poor," said Miss Spaulding demurely. "I find the accommodations quite as good as the first cabin, though, of course, the rooms are over the screw and the vibration is more pronounced. There is quite a pleasant crowd aboard, too."

For a moment Townley's face was wreathed in smiles. If her father had failed, there might be a chance now for him to tell his love.

He had almost worshiped Eva ever since they had met three years before, but his pride kept him from proposing to the only child of a millionaire. That Eva liked him was apparent, but he could not ask her to share his modest income; an income that would not have equaled her allowance for dress.

"You actually seem pleased to see me second cabin," said Eva with a little laugh, "Really, Mr. Townley, you are unkind."

"I was thinking of something else for a moment," he said shame-facedly. "I beg your pardon."

"Granted," she declared with a smile. "May I ask that you do not mention our presence to any one on board?"

"There is no one I know," he said forlornly. "I was looking forward to a most dismal trip, but now perhaps you will take pity on me and brighten my loneliness."

"You are always welcome," she said with a smile. "First cabin passengers may invade this deck, though we may not cross the bar that separates the sheep from the goats."

"You are scarcely complimentary to yourself," he said smilingly. "But if a sheep is welcome among the goats, I purpose beginning to visit right now."

He tucked the girl into her steamer chair and sat down on the extension. Townley was a good conversationalist, and before long both had forgotten the rest of the passengers. It was with regret that Townley heard the bugle blow for lunch.

"Will you be up this afternoon?" he asked as he rose to go.

"Unless the vibration of the screw becomes too much for me," she said. "Usually I am a good sailor."

"I'll be back," promised Townley, and he was at the rail long before Miss Spaulding had finished her lunch.

The trip which had promised so badly for Townley suddenly became the best part of his vacation. He spent all of his time with the Spauldings, and while the change in their position was not alluded to, he sought to make the girl forget her troubles.

He found it no difficult task, for Miss Spaulding readily fell in with his mood and they had a most jolly time.

The fifth night out they were leaning over the stern. The water was slightly phosphorescent and they were watching the luminous wake left by the screw. Somehow Townley found his voice, and as the huge ship slipped through the water he gained her promise to marry him.

Eva insisted that he immediately speak to her mother, and Mrs. Spaulding promptly gave her consent to the engagement.

"I shall be sorry when the trip is over," said Townley when Mrs. Spaulding had gone below and they had returned to the rail.

"So shall I," she answered. "Are you sure, Ted, that you will always love me, that you will not regret this proposal?"

"Am I sure?" he repeated with a happy laugh. "Why, sweetheart, I have loved you for years, but I could not ask you to marry an almost penniless man."

"But you will marry me?" she urged, "no matter what happens?"

"No matter what happens," he assured.

"If you don't, I shall sue you for breach of promise," she laughingly threatened. "Now listen to my confession."

"Have you sins to confess?" he scoffed.

"I have deceived you," she said, dimpling. "You took it for granted that we were traveling second cabin because father had lost his money. I did not undeceive you."

"But it is true," he urged. "I read in the papers just before we left London that there had been an awful slump in stocks."

"But father is a bear," she reminded. "He was on the right side."

"And you are not poor?" he asked. Eva laughed at the disappointment in his voice.

"Of course not," she explained. "You see, there was no getting a cabin. The rush to Europe this year has been exceptionally heavy and now every one wants to come back at once. We had to take second cabin or nothing—so I'm glad we did."

"So am I," he said. "With the goats, I could ask you to marry me."

"With the goats?" she asked.

"You said it yourself," he reminded. "The bar that divided the sheep from the goats."

"I think I am a goose," she laughed.

"No," he maintained stoutly. "You're a dear," and they let it go at that.

### Hot Scotch.

The Parrot—I notice since you have become a pet in this house the lady has been feeding you on Scotch oats. Have any effect on you?

The Owl—Well, I should say so. Instead of saying plain "Hoot" as usual, I say "Hoot mon."

### She Was At Him All the Time.

Mrs. Nagg—It pays in this world to keep right at one thing.

Mr. Nagg—But it is awful to be the one thing.

# The Crime of the Black Thirteen

## By LIEUT. GERALD CARLTON

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### CHAPTER IV.

### A RETROSPECT.—CYRIL SPENCER.

Let us go back a week prior to the opening of this story—the scene, a mansion in the fashionable part of Brooklyn—the dramatis personae, Herbert Kingsley and Whitcomb Merrivale, the latter a big operator on Wall street, to whom we have made some reference in an earlier chapter.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and the men had just come in from a drive in Prospect Park—Kingsley with ruddy face and sparkling eyes—Merrivale bored by what he considered a loss of valuable time, which might be devoted to his one worldly care—an unsatiable pursuit of wealth.

A few words in description of these men to start with.

Mr. Kingsley appeared to be over sixty—a genial, suave man of the world, with low voice and decisive manner.

Lingering yet in his face were the evidences of a handsome presence. More than good-looking, Kingsley's features were cast in a classic mould, his eyes still youthful and fringed with unusually long lashes, inherited from his mother, if we can place any reliance in the theories advanced by modern physiognomists.

Whitcomb Merrivale was a man of an altogether different stamp and perhaps some twenty years younger than Kingsley, but of rough, brusque manner, and by no means an Adonis in either form or feature—in brief, a hard, stern business man, imperious and dogmatic in his dealings.

The reader will at once see that Merrivale was not the style of man to woo such a lovely specimen of blooming womanhood as Lillian Kingsley. This the operator appeared to know quite well, but which nevertheless did not deter him from pressing his suit with all the fervor and enthusiasm of a younger man.

With this description we will add that the two men are seated in Mr. Kingsley's library, smoking, contemplatively for many minutes before a word is spoken by either.

At last Merrivale blurts out a little acridly:

"I tell you what, Kingsley, something must be done and quickly."

The millionaire raised his eyes from the cigar which he had been meditatively contemplating and looked inquiringly at the operator without replying.

"You know what I mean," snapped Merrivale, with unreasoning impatience.

"No, I do not, because you haven't told me. I'm no mind reader"—curiously regarding his companion—"so cannot imagine just now what you're talking about. What do you mean by 'something must be done and quickly'—what something?"

"Oh, bother! You know what I mean well enough, Kingsley," the Wall street man retorted. "Why do I haunt this house? To see you? Not on your life"—with brutish vulgarity—"as that would be a waste of valuable time—and time is money with me, and no man knows it better than yourself. So I say again, sir, that something must be done to prevent this young scapegrace, Cyril Spencer, from clandestinely meeting Miss Kingsley."

"How do you know they meet?" demanded Kingsley, with a brow that was getting as black as a thunder-cloud. It was easily seen that the domineering manner of his guest grated harshly on his more sensitive nerves.

"How do I know? What a question! Why, man, it's the talk of Brooklyn—I can't cross the Ferry or the Bridge without its being dinged continuously in my ears. And I tell you right here that we must find some way to put an end to it."

"Must!"

"I said must, and I mean must," replied Merrivale with insulting emphasis. "You know how we stand to each other—one word from me would bring irreparable ruin on you, so again I say these clandestine meetings between Lillian and that young blackleg must be stopped. This sort of thing has gone far enough, and it's for you to leap into the breach and use your authority as a father."

It was plain to be seen that the rich and vulgar Merrivale had the presumably wealthy Herbert Kingsley in his power and could put the screws on him any moment he felt disposed to.

This was no pleasant position to be in.

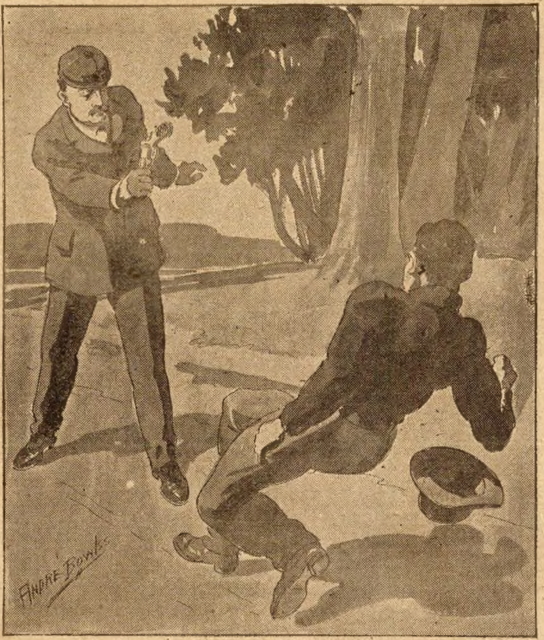
Kingsley's florid face grew black with suppressed passion. It was hard for him to restrain himself. He trembled with anger, but seeing that nothing could be gained by giving way to his temper, he prudently controlled himself and replied with all the calmness he could muster:

"If what you say is true, Merrivale, I agree with you and I shall do my best to prevent its recurrence. Though I hate to resort to such means, I shall hereafter set a watch on Miss Kingsley's every movement and I warrant there will be no more meetings between them, clandestine or otherwise."

"Do you know anything about this young man's antecedents?" asked the Wall street operator, in a less domineering tone than he had previously used. "Do you know who he really is?"

"No. I admit my ignorance."

"Shall I give you his history?"



Bertram fell as if he had been shot.

"If not too much trouble, yes," said Kingsley, who by this time had obtained perfect control of himself.

"Did you ever hear of a band of outlaws who have their retreat in some dense woods not many miles from D——, bordering the wildest part of the Long Island Railroad.

"I have a summer residence in that neighborhood," replied Kingsley quietly, "and have heard of such a gang. I have exerted all my power to suppress it, but so far my efforts have met with little short of failure. I know, too, that this band goes by the name of the 'Black Thirteen'—and this is all I do know.

"Well, that's not saying much," came impudently from Merrivale. "It would seem that you've been going it blindfold on your own property. Well, let me enlighten you—a man who oughtn't to know, but does about the real leadership of that gang of cutthroats, who jeopardize the lives and property of your honest Long Island neighbors. Did you ever hear of Captain Darkhurst?"

Kingsley shook his head.

"No? Try and jog your memory! He was once in some way connected with you."

"How?"

"He was mate on one of your West Indian ships, if my memory serves me," replied Merrivale with scarcely perceptible acridness—"Jim Darkhurst, that was the man's name. You know, you had him arrested for trying to scuttle the 'Marie.' He was found guilty and sent to Sing Sing for a long term."

Kingsley for the first time during the interview turned as white as paper.

"Good God! I heard Jim Darkhurst died in prison!" he exclaimed, quaveringly.

"I thought you had forgotten him," sarcastically from Merrivale. "But I assure you, my dear Kingsley, that Jim Darkhurst is very much alive. Jim Darkhurst is the Captain Darkhurst of the 'Black Thirteen'—a man who has not forgotten that Herbert Kingsley railroaded him to State's prison."

"He wasn't sent there on a false charge," grumbled Kingsley nervously. "I don't see why I should be held accountable for any man's misdeeds—least of all a man who tried to ruin me. Strange, indeed, that Darkhurst's name had slipped my memory until you alluded to it," mused the millionaire. "I cannot express how grateful I am for this information, Merrivale," Kingsley added, thoughtfully. "You've warned me in time of a great peril—and whether your motives are good or not, you have my thanks. But you've pronounced Darkhurst's doom, Merrivale, by telling me who he is. If it costs my fortune, Darkhurst and his gang must go! I shall put the matter at once into the hands of the most powerful detective in this country, and it'll not take a great while to rid the country of Darkhurst and his band."

"Right royal good talk," coarsely from Merrivale, who seemed to delight in torturing the more refined Kingsley. "But don't forget that you have another on your list of enemies—a woman," he added, emphasizing the last word.

"A woman! How? Who is she?"

"A one-time flame of yours," mockingly from the sinister operator, who gloated like a ghoul over his victim. "Did you ever hear of a certain Madge Wilkes? You may not have known her by that name, of course, but perhaps you may recall her as an old friend of whom you were dotingly fond at one time. She was beautiful then. She is old and ugly now, and, worse, she is evil minded and revengeful. Look out for Captain Darkhurst, and prepare yourself for the worst from Madge Wilkes," and with this warning, the sinister Whitcomb Merrivale abruptly took his departure.

Twenty minutes later the big operator on the Stock Exchange was closeted with a coarse, burly-looking man in a private room of a low groggery near Catherine Ferry.

A bottle of whiskey and two glasses rested on a small table at which they sat.

"Well, Tom, how are things working?" questioned the operator. "Are you keeping an eye on this Cyril Spencer? Do the boys ply him with booze? Or is he still reluctant about taking poison?"

"He's no drinkin' man, Mr. Merrivale, you kin bet your life," replied Tom, chewing at an unlighted cigar he held in his mouth. "No doubt by an' by his scruples 'll be overcome, but up to the present, he's not smelled as much as a Wilson—but another week'll put him on the hog for fair. In some ways he's easy led, but when he takes it into his noddle, he kin be as obstinate as a mule. But I've seen fellers like him before, as began well an' ended bad. An' no doubt it'll be the same with Spencer. He's gettin' a purty bad reputation you kin bet—an' I feel a kind o' sorry for the kid, as he ain't half a bad sort."

"That's according to your notions," growled the operator. "Don't give me any sentimentality, Tom, there's no room here"—tapping the region of his heart—"for it. You understand? Did Darkhurst see the boy?"

"Yes, Mr. Merrivale—an' I never saw sich a change come over a man."

"How?"

"Darkhurst treats the lad as if he was his own son. He's taken a sudden all-fired likin' to him."

"This must be stopped, Tom. If what you say is true they must not meet. You know my intention with this lad? That intention must be carried out to the letter. Now, understand me," continued Merrivale in a warning voice, "no violence if it can be avoided, as violence in any form won't at present serve my interests. How are you off for cash?"

"I have some left yet out of what you gave me Monday. But you know this lay's so expensive—feein' the boys and payin' for all the lush, it takes every dollar to keep the ball rollin', and——"

"You need more," Merrivale interrupted. "Well, here's a roll for you—get on with the good work and above all keep me out of the game, and when my marriage takes place I'll put you in a position where you'll be above want for the rest of your days. And now, Tom, relying on your faithful work, I must get over the river."

The operator arose to go.

"I should like to ask you one thing, Mr. Merrivale, "said Tom, who had been an old employe in Merrivale's family. "What's to be done in the case of Miss Lillian?"

"Nothing," shortly from the operator. "All you and your fellows have to do is to see to Cyril Spencer and keep him and Darkhurst as much as possible apart, and above all that woman, Wilkes—she must not see the lad."

"Why?"

"It's not for me to tell you now. You shall know later."

Saying this the Wall street operator left the tavern.

As he started toward the Ferry he almost collided with a young fellow who was with four other men, in an advanced state of intoxication.

"Cyril Spencer, by Heaven!" ground out from Merrivale's lips.

### CHAPTER V.

### THE TRAGEDY IN THE ROAD.

When Bob Porter was seized from behind in the strip of woods, as we have described, his head came with a crash against the gnarled trunk of a tree, then all was blank.

The engineer fared no better. For before he even struck the earth a club wielded by one of his assailants knocked him senseless.

And who were these assailants who had acted so craftily from the cover of the trees, and in the darkness?—a darkness more intense now as the entire heavens seemed to be covered with sombre clouds.

Where also was the wounded man in whose anatomy Porter's bullet had found lodgement? There was no wounded man as it happened. The groans were a bit of trickery to lead the detective and his companion into a trap and it succeeded but too well.

Porter and Lumley were dead to the world for the time. Surrounding them were a dozen men and one woman—the woman with the small, evil eyes and strong, hard lines about the corners of her mouth whom the detective had noticed earlier at the railway station.

What had she to do with this band of desperadoes—and who were they?

While Porter and the engineer were stretched insensible among the gnarled roots of the trees and the thick dry undergrowth, one of the men lighted a pine knot. It was dry and resinous and flared into a blood-red light, which illumined the band of ruffians who stood round.

It was a weird sight—an awful sight—the cruel, sinister faces of these men as the flames of the pine knot fell redly on them. But, strange as it may seem, the Mansons were not among these men, or if they had been, they had already gone.

The leader of the party was a man of quick action and of few words as was presently seen.

"We must get the detective and engineer away from here," he said decisively, "before daylight, as, no doubt, the country will be scoured for them as soon as they're missed." Then turning to a burly, red-faced man, with long narrow eyes and repulsive features, he added, "And you, Red, go and hunt up a wagon—one like we had for that other job."

"Where am I to get it? Our own is miles from here," grumbled the man who evidently didn't relish the task imposed on him.

"Where are you to get it?" replied the

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other imperiously. "Why, steal it, if you can't get it any other way, and see you're here within one hour. You may take Bertram along for company."

Saying this, the leader of the band turned away and gave orders to bind and gag the detective and his ill-starred companion.

Red, seeing it was no use to dispute the point with his chief, grumblingly left with Bertram, a much smaller, but as ill-favored a ruffian as himself.

"Remember, I give you an hour," was hurled after Red. "You'll have no trouble getting one by that time, especially as there are numerous farms round."

Red made no reply, but went his way. Bertram of the two was, perhaps, the more companionable of the men.

Red continued to grumble until he had emerged into the road.

"Well, where are you going now?" asked Bertram, curiously.

"To nick (steal) a canvas-covered wagon," gruffly from the burly Red.

"But where?"

"At some farm yard; where do you think?" Red growled out.

"Are you acquainted with the country hereabouts?" Bertram asked after a while.

"No, I'm not. Are you?"

"Fairly well."

"Then you're the man to get the wagon," said Red, with a sudden change in his manner. "I don't know this part of the country at all myself—and you know I only finished my seven stretch (seven years) a few days ago. A feller oughtn't to be expected to do impossibilities!"

Bertram laughed and was inclined to jibe the fellow.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Red, he said impudently. "You've got that watch of Kingsley's, haven't you?"

"What of it?" demanded the ex-convict.

"We'll trade supers (watches)."

Red had stopped in the darkness of the road, and looked at Bertram as though he couldn't credit his ears.

"You will, will you?" he repeated, "and where do I come in, cully?"

"You'll have my old silver Geneva."

"A good swap, eh? Let me see," glaring savagely at Bertram, "you must think I'm a lemon-gasted idiot! Is that your opinion?"

"You will be if you don't trade," replied Bertram coolly. Now, let me tell you this," he went on with provoking sangfroid, "the Captain has been making some inquiries about Kingsley's timepiece."

"The devil he has!"

"Yes, and he hasn't caught on to who took it, nor any of the others of the gang, for that matter—with a single exception, yours truly to command—and I saw you swipe it."

"Were you in the wagon?" demanded Red with feigned sweetness.

"I was."

"Hum! I didn't know that—" reflectively from Red. "Then you were simply spying on me?"

"Well, not quite," replied Bertram, with the cool effrontery of an old hand. "I was on the same lay myself, see?—and just saw you swipe the super when you, a little in advance of me, made the grab. I don't blame you a bit, Red; but as you was a newcomer, I was rather put out at the time; but the Cap has been mad as a hornet ever since, as that part of the swag was meant for a young feller in Brooklyn, a friend of the Cap's; but I'll mention no names and you wouldn't know him if I did. If we trade the Cap'll know nothing about it, see?"

Red was too furiously angry to speak for an instant—so furious that he turned twice, strongly tempted to strangle his companion on the spot, which he could easily have done, seeing that he had thrice the other's strength. He held himself in, however, by an effort.

"Is there anything more you'd like while you're at it?" he interrogated, sweetly.

"No, the simple trade will do for the present," was the careless reply.

"What do you think the watch is worth?"

"A thousand dollars."

"What is your worth?"

"Twenty."

"And you want a thousand plunks for twenty, is that it? I ask you again—where do I come in? You'll not blow the gaff on me? Well, that's scrumptiously kind, to be sure! Just listen to me, Bertram, or whatever your name is, were I an angry man I'd screw your neck for you—and that's all the trade you'd get—see? So let me warn you to be done with fooling. I've killed a man for one-tenth of what you've said—understand?"

"Rot!" Bertram exclaimed, not a whit intimidated by the ferocious and threatening aspect of his companion, which he could now see again, for the moon had stolen out from under its sombre covering.

"What did you say just then?"

"I simply said—Rot!"

"You'd better not rouse me; I'm a dangerous man to meddle with; I sometimes lose my temper," warned the ex-convict, in a voice barely audible from concentrated rage.

"Pish!" the other answered. "Have you the lease of a private graveyard for the reception of your dead?"

"You may find that out presently," was the low, stern reply. "But—ah, ha, ha!" Red added, laughing ferociously. "It's only a madman that would make the demand you make. I hardly believe you're in earnest—and that you're carrying on to me. But I won't be vexed by you—see?"

"Come, no fooling," chimed in Bertram with an impudent leer. "I want this trade to take place right here—on the spot—before we go a step farther."

Red regarded the smaller man with amazement, as well he indeed might. For a moment he was speechless, though his rage was at the boiling point.

"Do you mean that you're in earnest?" he growled with an intensity of fury that baffles description, "or are you really, as I begin to think—a madman?"

"Don't forget the Cap and that canvas-covered wagon," quietly retorted Bertram.

"What has the wagon to do with it?" snarled the furious Red. "Granted that I don't know the country; but aren't you on the mission as well as me?"

"No more talk, I won't stand for it," replied Bertram with the most provoking coolness. "If this exchange don't take place without any further palaver, I'll squeal. Now, what is it to be?"

"So you still persist in your insane demand?" snarled Red, with a wicked imprecation. "Aren't you afraid I shall do you harm?"

"No, Sirree—not while I have this little pop," replied Bertram, coolly drawing a pistol from his pocket. "This kind of evens things up, eh, old pal?"

The sight of the gleaming tube of the revolver (the moon was still shedding a feeble radiance from beneath the bank of clouds) had almost the same effect on the burly outlaw as a red rag would have on a mad bull. With a snarl and a bound Red sprang suddenly on Bertram, wrenched the pistol from him and struck him a terrific blow on the head with the heavy butt. Bertram fell as if he had been shot. A stream of blood gushed from his head and was sucked up by the dry dust of the road.

"D—— him! It was his own fault!" exclaimed Red, hoarsely, "I had to give it to him! It was his life or mine."

Red bent over Bertram and looked at him, stupefied for some time.

"He looks as if he was dead," came hoarsely from the ex-convict. "No pulse and no heart beat to speak of. Blast the luck! What am I to do now? I can't leave him in the road—no, no; that won't do at all."

Red looked about him. Everything was as hushed as death. The cold rays of the moon (still looking down from a rift in the bank of cloud) transformed all into awful solemnity.

The ex-convict was a half a mile from the fringe of timber where the outlaws had ambushed Porter and Lumley, so that he had nothing to fear from that direction at all events. Time, however, was passing, and Red had been commissioned by the leader of the outlaws to get a covered wagon and this conveyance he must get within the time specified or he might as well go back.

But where was he to obtain the vehicle. This was a question that puzzled and vexed the burly ex-convict to the core.

"Well, it won't do to loiter here any longer," he ground out. "Bertram's dead! I must drag him out of the road into the timber, or chuck him into some ditch.' And there were both of these near at hand.

Red chose a clump of trees a little to his right.

"Yes, he'll do there as well as any place till he's found," he muttered. "Dead as mutton and it doesn't matter much where he goes. It was his own fault, d—— him," he kept savagely repeating. "Wanted to force me into a trade—twenty plunks for a thousand dollar super, or that super to go to a young feller in Brooklyn. I'd like to find out who that feller is, I would—something to do with Kingsley, no doubt. Hum! I did hear that Madge Wilkes was his mother—an' that it was through her that Kingsley was done up. Madge's an evil-looking critter, but it strikes me that the Cap's a bit of putty in her hands, and that's how she brought about the killing."

The "Madge Wilkes" referred to by Red was the woman whom we have already described—the one observed by Porter at the railway station—the woman of the evil eyes and face who turned up afterward in the strip of woods and who as Red hinted was connected by ties of relationship with the "young feller" in Brooklyn who we must infer was Cyril Spencer.

If Cyril Spencer was the son of Madge Wilkes, the slaying of Herbert Kingsley might in a way be accounted for. But what relationship existed between the murdered man and this evil-faced woman.

This will be answered later.

One more look at the apparently murdered Bertram and Red dragged him across the road among the clump of timber. At this point the trees were so thickly planted that he couldn't have chosen a more suitable spot for concealing Bertram's body.

The ex-convict, not without some nervousness, dragged Bertram in among the thick and tangled undergrowth and after concealing his victim to his satisfaction, he got back again into the road.

"Ugh! Nasty work," he kept muttering, "and all for a blasted watch. But there! It ain't no good regretting; its done and can't be undone. Now I must go and scare up that 'carryall.' Why couldn't the Cap put some one else on the job," and Red ended by slowly going up the road. He turned back once or twice, fearing that he hadn't concealed the body of his late comrade sufficiently. But as often as he turned, as "No, it's all right," he would mutter to himself. "What the devil's the matter with me? What if he is found? Who can say I killed him? He brought it on himself—let him lie and rot!"

For all his excuses, the burly ruffian trembled with the direst forebodings. Not because he had killed Bertram so much, perhaps, as his fear of the leader of the band, w. . whom his victim had been a prime favorite.

But Red had very little time left. He knew the covered wagon must be got at any cost—even though he had to do another murder to get it.

To give him courage and to steady his nerves the ex-convict had recourse to a small flask of liquor. He was about gulping down some of the contents of the flask, when heavy steps resounded on the hard dry road. Red was in the act of darting behind an old oak whose trunk had an immense girth, when the owner of the approaching footsteps in a turn of the road came into view.

Luckily the moon was shining down with much more brilliancy than any time during the night, so that he could see what the owner of the steps looked like.

"Just the very fellow," Red muttered, "some farmer going to town."

This thrilling and remarkable story will be continued in next week's Ledger, giving the reader chapters filled with dramatic situations of the very highest interest. To every one subscribing for the Ledger we are now sending, entirely without cost, one of our fine stereoscopes, also any six of our selected and valuable patterns, or one of our beautiful knit woolen shawls, as announced on pages eleven, thirteen and fifteen. Look at our advertisements of these splendid premiums and see if you do not wish them.

# SHE WAS JEALOUS.

MINNIE NELSON HINES.

"How de do, Babette?"

The artist nodded cheerily to his fluffy-haired model as she entered the room and settled herself for the day's work.

The picture was nearing completion and with swift, strong strokes he touched up a fold, here and there, of the royal-hued velvet that covered the throne on which the model reclined in graceful abandon.

"Almost finished," he said presently, as he surveyed his canvas with a critical eye; "and I think—I am sure it is good."

Babette moved consciously and flashed her white teeth at him. This was her first season as a model, and she was romantically in love with the handsome artist.

In a kindly, condescending way Guy Lorraine was fond of his pretty model and her whole-souled worship amused him. He rather hated to tell her that he had no further need of her after the picture was finished.

It was a divergence from his usual methods. Bits of pastoral life and soft, still glades had brought him fame; he laid down the brush with a sigh of satisfaction as he said:

"Well, it's done, and—er," making the plunge desperately, "after today I shan't need you any more, Babette. Too bad," he added, still keeping his eyes away from the throne where Babette sat motionless.

"My fiancee comes up to town tomorrow, and I'm afraid you and she wouldn't hit off together; she prefers the spirit of the forest to the life inspiration for 'yours truly,' bless her jealous little heart."

There was a soft, choking cry, a sudden start, and Lorraine turned to see Babette slide to the floor in a crumpled heap.

"By Jove, little one," he cried as he sprang toward her and gathered the limp figure in his arms. After a few shivering sighs she rested contentedly with her eyes closed.

Her beautiful head, with its crown of wonderful hair—like spun flax—glinted in the sunlight as it drooped wearily against his breast. It was almost as if a child rested there; she was so unsophisticated and loving.

He gazed with the artist's appreciation at the slender yet rounded young frame, the milk-white throat and delicately molded limbs.

"You are perfect, Babette," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "I hate to give you up. There, there, don't cry," he said kindly.

Suddenly Babette lifted her eyes to his with a strange, unfathomable look; long and earnestly she gazed to realize what manner of man it might be who held her so closely yet so impersonally.

"What is it, Babette?" he asked gently.

Ere she could reply there was a harsh, scraping sound at the door, and she sat up hastily.

"The door is locked," said Lorraine, restraining her. "Sweeping the halls, I fancy," as the noise ceased. "But, tell me! what am I to do with you? My future wife does not approve of models of your sex and style; and a man's got to keep peace in the family, I suppose.

"There's Robinson," musingly. "He's a good sort and he has been in love with you ever since he caught you posing a la nymph with your beautiful hair flowing like a cloud around you." Lorraine passed his hand caressingly over the dainty head.

There was an imperative rap at the door.

"Vamoose, Babette!" he said, letting her go reluctantly.

She vanished behind the screen obediently.

Lorraine opened the door and extended both hands in delighted welcome to his unexpected visitor.

"Helen, dearest," he ejaculated. "I did not expect you until tomorrow." He leaned forward, awaiting her accustomed greeting.

"Why! What!" he cried in astonishment as the gray-eyed girl waved him aside contemptuously, and entered the room.

Her eyes wandered around the place in a searching manner as she said calmly, "I am not 'your dearest Helen,' and it is plain to be seen that you did not expect me until tomorrow."

"What on earth do you mean?" Lorraine asked sternly, his hasty temper taking fire at her tone of scorn.

"Here is your ring!" "Helen dearest" drew her pretty curved lips into a straight line as she extended the pledge toward the young man, calmly. "I beg you to return my picture—the one in your locket, I mean; the others you can destroy," disdainfully. "I think that is all there is to be said."

"What nonsense is this, Helen?" then, as she remained silent, placing a hand on either shoulder, Lorraine swung the girl lightly but firmly into the nearest chair. He had caught the hurt quiver of lip and knew that she was suffering in spite of her anger.

"Now! We'll thrash this out. No!" as she tried to rise. "Not until you've told me what is the matter. Why are you angry with me?"

"I hate you!" snapped Helen indignantly. She was fast losing control of herself.

"No, you don't," answered Lorraine. He was getting the upper hand and knew it. "Come now, tell me all about it, dear heart." Then he added seriously, "Remember that my happiness is at stake, if yours is not, Helen."

Helen looked at him a moment in silence. In spite of the rage in her heart, when she met the reproachful look in his handsome eyes it was too much for her. He did not love her, but—

"I am waiting, dearest," he said persuasively.

"I don't see how," she burst out, "you dare to call me that, when I heard you—O, I did, or I would not have believed it on oath," now the tears came thick and swift.

"You said—choke—you hated to give her up—the bold thing. Where is she? Gone out of the back door, I suppose," quiveringly. "Studios always have back doors, don't they?" with a futile attempt at sarcasm. "And—that I wouldn't let you have models. No, indeed, I won't—wouldn't, I mean. O, how could you? I trusted you so, even if you were an artist," she sobbed.

Lorraine gave the girl one puzzled look as she finished, then threw back his handsome head in a perfect roar of laughter.

The girl's tears were gone in an instant; the angry scarlet dyed her cheeks as she exclaimed hotly, "How dare you? O, if I only had a brother."

Lorraine gazed at her with admiration. "O, what a Judith you would make," he cried. "I'll paint you that way some day," the artist in him recognizing her dark, stormy beauty to the exclusion of the subject in hand.

"Indeed, you never will," said Helen emphatically. "O, how I wish I could hurt you as you have hurt."

"Helen, dearest, for you are 'Helen dearest' is spite of appearances, would you like to meet my model?" asked Lorraine.

Not waiting for her horrified answer, the young man stepped before the screen and called, "Babette, come here, I want you, Babette."

In quick answer a tiny buff angora kitten came bounding to meet him. She ran up his arm and settled on his shoulder, where she spit in surprise at the sight of Helen.

"This is my model, sweetheart, I knew you hated cats, so I kept her out of your way and told her that she had got to have a new master. You heard some of my fool talk to Babette—that was all. You should have known me better, Helen," finished Lorraine seriously.

"O, Guy! can you ever forgive me?" asked Helen contritely.

"Indeed, I will, sweetheart." He deposited Babette on her velvet throne once more, and took Helen in his arms.

# A Help for Workers.

Wherever pig iron, metal plates, tubes, rails, beams, scrap or heavy castings of iron or steel are handled, lifting magnets can be advantageously employed. The time saved due to the fact that hoisting tackle need not be adjusted to the object to be raised is of itself often sufficient to justify the purchase of a lifting magnet. For handling pig iron, scrap, and similar material a further advantage is found in the fact that the objects to be moved need not be piled beforehand. All that is necessary in work of this sort is to lower the magnet onto the pigs or scrap, switch on the current—and lift. In foundries, blast-furnaces, and rolling mills magnets are useful for lifting and transporting metal too hot to be touched with the hand.

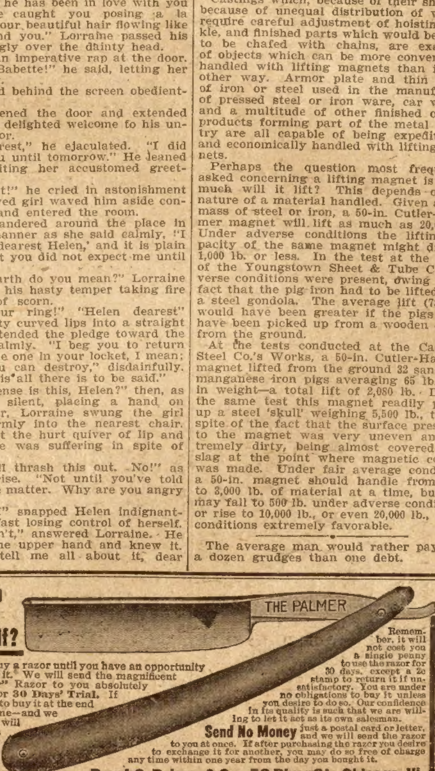
Castings which, because of their shape or because of unequal distribution of weight, require careful adjustment of hoisting tackle, and finished parts which would be liable to be chafed with chains, are examples of objects which can be more conveniently handled with lifting magnets than in any other way. Armor plate and thin sheets of iron or steel used in the manufacture of pressed steel or iron ware, car wheels, and a multitude of other finished or raw products forming part of the metal industry are all capable of being expeditiously and economically handled with lifting magnets.

Perhaps the question most frequently asked concerning a lifting magnet is: How much will it lift? This depends on the nature of a material handled. Given a solid mass of steel or iron, a 50-in. Cutler-Hammer magnet will lift as much as 20,000 lb. Under adverse conditions the lifting capacity of the same magnet might drop to 1,000 lb. or less. In the test at the works of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. adverse conditions were present, owing to the fact that the pig iron had to be lifted from a steel gondola. The average lift (785 lb.) would have been greater if the pigs could have been picked up from a wooden car or from the ground.

At the tests conducted at the Carnegie Steel Co.'s Works, a 50-in. Cutler-Hammer magnet lifted from the ground 32 sand-cast manganese iron pigs averaging 65 lb. each in weight—a total lift of 2,080 lb. During the same test this magnet readily picked up a steel 'skull' weighing 5,500 lb., this in spite of the fact that the surface presented to the magnet was very uneven and extremely dirty, being almost covered with slag at the point where magnetic contact was made. Under fair average conditions a 50-in. magnet should handle from 1,000 to 3,000 lb. of material at a time, but this may fall to 500 lb. under adverse conditions, or rise to 10,000 lb., or even 20,000 lb., under conditions extremely favorable.

◆

The average man would rather pay half a dozen grudges than one debt.



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Better a spoiled child than a fresh man.

The moon affects the untied as well as the tide.

Oratory is merely talk with its Sunday clothes on.

Success is the result of beating the other fellow to it.

Some men were born small and some others shrink.

Do you know how good a man feels when he pays his debts?

Good people are supposed to be happy, but they seldom look it.

A man who pleases only himself must furnish all the applause.

It's hard for most of us to be good when we have a chance not to.

Possibly more men would want to smoke if it was against the law.

The only sure thing about a sure cure for a cold is that it isn't.

Some dreams go by the contraries, but the majority don't go at all.

It is easy for a man to have the courage of his convictions if his bank balance is large enough.

We always feel sorry for a naturally talkative woman who has an impediment in her speech.

Perhaps more men would try to get square with their enemies if they were not afraid of them.

Once in a great while a young man gets busy and does things in spite of his inherited wealth.

It was a Philadelphia girl who refused to share an admirer's lot because she wanted to be cremated.

When it comes to enlightening one half the world as to how the other half lives the muck rake helps some.

A woman thinks it a disgrace if her husband drinks and a man thinks he is disgraced if his wife won't let him drink.

A man may think he is having a good time when he is killing time, but sooner or later time will get even by killing him.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; although she doesn't make any noise in the world, she isn't buried at the expense of the county.

# Her Fateful Marriage

## By ANNIE BROWNLEE

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### CHAPTER VIII.

### A HEART TO HEART TALK.

"I hear you are leaving town soon?" Mark asks, addressing Grace. He had been a silent but interested listener to the conversation between the two ladies.

"Yes, London is getting unbearable. I go to Devonshire next week," Grace replied in her low, soft voice. "I am anxious for the quiet and restfulness of the dear old Grange. Sir Richard thinks of going abroad for a time—to Switzerland, I think."

"You should accompany him. Switzerland is full of magnificent scenery and delightful surprises. I am sure you would enjoy it very much.'

"Oh no, I hate traveling. I shall enjoy the quiet beauty of the Devonshire hills more than I should the mountains of Switzerland. I hate sight-seeing where everything is hustle, and there is always a crowd."

It is on the tip of Mark Eldon's tongue to say, "You used to enjoy traveling," but he remembers in time to check the utterance. Instead he says:

"Does Sir Richard go with friends?"

"Yes, there is quite a party going together, I believe. The Countess of Ruttlen is going, I know, and her friends, the Wilbys, and Roland York, and Charley Foster, and the Yates, and their two daughters. There will be quite a company, I believe."

"I wonder at the Countess going. I heard her say quite recently that she had tired of Switzerland—been there at least half a dozen times."

"One must go somewhere, I suppose, as well there as anywhere else. The Countess has traveled a great deal, I hear. Perhaps there are few places that are really new to her."

"Perhaps;" he says in a queer voice, and wonders if Grace is really as ignorant as she seems.

Mrs. Duncan has left them some few minutes before to speak to a friend, and they are alone.

Grace wonders at the note of surprise and queerness in his voice.

"You don't like the Countess? I can tell by your voice," she says, with a smile, looking straight into the handsome, boyish face.

"Like her?" arching his fine brows. "I have scarcely the honor of her acquaintance," with a light, peculiar laugh. "But to be quiet candid, I don't like the woman. There is something about her that sets one's teeth on edge. I should not like a sister, or a wife of mine, to make a friend of her."

"I suppose not; yet, she is very charming," Grace replies lightly.

To her, as yet, the Countess is simply a fascinating woman of the world, very handsome; a little too frivolous and vain, perhaps, but withal a very attractive and charming woman.

Meanwhile, in a little alcove, the Countess and Sir Richard are having a quiet little heart to heart talk.

"I tell you, she don't wish to come," Sir Richard is saying.

"Have you asked her?" his companion asks softly.

"Certainly, and she refused; dislikes traveling, she says."

"I'm very sorry. It would make things appear quite respectable if she were to accompany us."

"Fiddlesticks! Respectable indeed! As though it were anything else. I'll manage that part of it, and then, there will be such a large company of us," he whispered confidently.

"But the probabilities are that I shall get talked about. I must avoid that at all hazards."

"Afraid of Mrs. Grundy, eh?" he smiled.

"Oh no, she and I are very good friends. Then it is quite the fashion to get talked about—either for what one does or for what one don't do, or for what one is expected to do. Your wife must be a very perfect woman. I hear no breath of scandal against her," gracefully waving her fan in the direction of Grace and Mark. The latter was closely watching the little pale face of his companion, and in his eyes there shone something more than friendship.

"A perfect paragon!" Sir Richard answered. "Only paragons are very uninteresting Too proper, and all that sort of thing."

"You have great confidence in her," the Countess said a little coldly, covertly watching the pair in the distance.

"Yes, I have perfect confidence in Grace. She would never do aught to drag my name through the mire. Grace is perfectly safe, but insufferably stupid."

"Most good women are stupid, you know, that's why they remain so good. However, I don't believe Mr. Eldon thinks your wife stupid. Judging from the expression of his face just now, I would say he found her very interesting, very entertaining."

"The young fool! I can't see what attraction he sees in her. She is as commonplace and ordinary as an Indian outside a cigar store."

"What great attraction did you see in her to make you marry her? I suppose he is no greater fool than yourself."

"I often ask myself that question of late. Yet, I was mad to win her. I would hear of no obstacle to the union. It was an absurd infatuation that I don't care to remember," he said moodily.

"And, man-like, the absurd infatuation has lasted less than two years. Admirable fidelity!" she says with a mocking laugh.

"How cruel you are to taunt me so," he cries angrily. "Had you been true to me, I should never have committed such folly."

"You forget, you were not Sir Richard Neville, then. Having no money of my own I was compelled to marry money. Had you remained true to me—well."

She ends the sentence with a sigh. It may mean so much, or so little, but it sounds poetical.

"Had I only known that the Count would be considerate enough to shuffle gracefully out of life, I would have acted very differently," he whispered regretfully.

"You knew he was old, gray-haired, and toothless; you might have foreseen the end," she said reproachfully. "It was only the expectation of his early death that tempted me to marry him."

"And now we are no better off than we were before.

"No," she replied tartly. "Your absurd infatuation has parted us again. But keep to your pearl of purity, mon cher. She is safe, you know, perfectly safe!" glancing significantly at the unsuspecting pair.

"You are cruel," Sir Richard cries petulantly, "You know she bores me, and she don't care a sixpence for him, and never did."

"Which is a very fortunate thing for her," cried the Countess lightly. "Now, you have talked to me long enough; go and amuse some one else. I see a number of inquisitive eyes directed toward us."

"But I don't want to talk to any one else. Other women seem so stupid and dull, after talking to you! And I don't give a fig for their inquisitive eyes."

"But I do, so go! I can't talk to you any longer. That pretty little pink and white doll of yours will be getting jealous if you remain."

'Grace jealous?" he says with a smile. 'Do you see that statue of marble yonder?"

"Yes," she replies.

"Well, you might as well expect to see that step down and take a saunter among the guests."

"Nevertheless, you must go; I won't talk to you any more. I am going to have a chat with cousin Charlie's wife. She amuses me and it is rarely any one does that nowadays."

"Sir Richard moves away reluctantly, and the evening passes off as such evenings usually do. There is music, singing, flirtations, and delightful little conversations. The people who have congenial companions are happy enough; the others are bored, but manage not to look it. The beautiful hostess moves among her guests gracefully, and two sad, dark eyes watch her with tenderest pity and sympathy.

As Sir Richard moves among his guests, he is thinking of his conversation with the Countess. He understands in a vague sort of way that she is trying to poison his mind against his wife, but he has a stubborn conviction that Mark Eldon is not encouraged, in fact, that his attentions are distasteful to her. Grace is cold, quiet, and uninteresting, of that he is sure. It is not in her nature to care for any one, unless it be her child. She has not succeeded in arousing one spark of jealousy in his heart against his lovely girl-wife. He is weary of her, but he trusts her entirely; and to all the siren's venomous hints he turns a deaf ear.

Grace has grown dreadfully weary of fashionable life, it is racking her nerves and ruining her health. No shop girl, or factory hand works harder than those butterflies of fashion, yet they call it pleasure. Every day and every hour is crowded with social duties. Society demands that she talk, laugh, and wear a smiling face, when her heart is perhaps like lead. She must listen and appear interested in the latest social scandals and the small talk of society. Be she ever so weary, she must keep on.

As the season draws to a close she thinks with a throb of delight of the calm, peacefulness of the dear old Grange. There, with the sweet companionship of her little child, her books and her music, she will have absolute quiet and rest. She thinks with a thrill of pleasure of the cool forest shades where the soft distant roar of the sea falls like music on the ear. There, amid the magnificent hills and green sloping meadows, social worries will be forgotten, and peace and quiet will reign. The longing to go to the quiet, picturesque old Grange is taking absolute possession of her. She can with difficulty restrain her impatience to be off at once.

The last guests have departed, the magnificent rooms are solemn and still. Sir Richard has gone to attend a late supper at a fashionable club and the young wife is alone, with only her sad, remorseful thoughts for company. She drops wearily into a chair, and with a sigh of relief, pillows her head among the soft, luxurious cushions.

The world would call Lady Neville a very fortunate woman—she has youth, beauty, and great wealth, and enjoys a flattering popularity, yet, her heart is one constant ache—ache—ache, which all her worldly advantages cannot relieve.

"Oh, mother!" she murmurs in bitterest anguish. "It were better you had killed me, than to have weighed me down with such a load of pain and misery. Whichever way I look are sin and disgrace. If I could only tear it from my heart, and mercifully forget! But I cannot! I cannot! God, pity and help me—what am I to do?"

### CHAPTER IX.

### IN THE LOVELY FOREST GLADES.

Sir Richard does not care for the magnificent estate in Devonshire. He considers it too dreary and dull, and seldom visits it, except with a large party of friends.

But to Grace the Grange and its surrounding woods are beautiful beyond words. The stately forest that shelters the deer, the fox, the rabbit and the pheasant, with its delightful paths and shady nooks, where the green arches overhead in solitude and peace.

The sky is a perfect blue and the weather warm and balmy. The invigorating air refreshes her tired body and soothes her troubled nerves. She almost lives out of doors, wandering through the stately woods, or sitting on the green, velvety lawn playing with her darling boy, or reading some favorite book.

When the sun had disappeared in the west, and the soft summer night had cast a mantle of darkness over the world, sad, sweet music would steal softly through the old mansion, or perchance a stirring Irish love song would wake the slumbering echoes.

In the troubled months that followed, Grace looked back on the calm and holy peace of these first few weeks, spent at the Grange, with tenderest regret, not that they had been, but that they could never come again.

One morning at breakfast Grace receives a letter from her friend, Lady Althea, which brings an unusually bright flush to her pale, delicate cheeks.

"I am so pleased that Althea is coming," she thinks to herself. "She will love the dear old place, I know, and its quaint, picturesque beauty will delight her beauty-loving soul," she mused pleasantly. Rising she rang the bell and a moment later a servant appeared.

"Sarah, will you please tell Mrs. Stewart I should like to see her," she said with a pleasant smile. Tne maid bowed and immediately went in search of the housekeeper.

The servants at the Grange adored their lovely young mistress, as much as they disliked and feared their master. It was a matter for rejoicing, rather than regrets that he came so little among them. A moment later and Mrs. Stewart entered the room.

"Good morning, Mrs. Stewart," Grace said pleasantly, glancing up from the perusal of her letter.

"Good morning, my lady; a pleasant morning is it not?"

"Very," Grace replied. "But we always have pleasant mornings in Devonshire," she said brightly.

"Well, yes, we don't have much to complain of down here, still, it is not always like it is at present."

"No, I suppose not. We can hardly expect to have all sunshine and no clouds. So long as the clouds do not entirely obliterate the sunshine, I suppose we must not complain," she said a little sadly.

"No, we must take the weather as God sends it. Yet, it is always a comfort to know the sun is shining on the other side, whether we see it or not," the housekeeper replied.

"Do you think you could have the blue room aired and fixed up by this evening, Mrs. Stewart?" Grace asked. "I am expecting Lady Althea Fitz-Roberts down on the evening train. I would like her to have the blue room on account of the lovely view from the window."

"Oh yes. It can be got ready at once," she replied promptly. "I will see to it right away. Is there any special orders for dinner?"

"No, I think not. Lady Althea, like myself, don't care for elaborate dinners. You may see, however, that there is a good supply of fresh fruits of all kinds, the very best obtainable. I think that will be all, Mrs. Stewart," with a nod of dismissal.

Grace spends a very busy day preparing for her friend's arrival. Abundance of flowers are artistically arranged about the beautiful rooms. In a pair of rare old Egyptian vases in the blue room, the most fragrant of roses and exquisite lilies-of-the-valley are placed. Nothing so delights the artistic and beauty-loving soul of Lady Althea as rare and lovely flowers.

In the early twilight of a lovely summer day, Lady Althea Fitz-Roberts arrives at the Grange. Grace's welcome is gracious and tender; she is sincerely glad to have her friend with her to enjoy the rest and tranquillity of the Grange.

The dainty, exquisite beauty of Lady Althea harmonizes perfectly with the dusky chambers and magnificent oak-panelled galleries and lofty halls of the Grange. Grace enjoys watching her saunter through the spacious rooms.

Lady Althea is enchanted with the fine old place and never tires of praising its beauty. The stately forest, with its ancient trees and delightful babbling brooks, is to her a source of continual pleasure. Could her London friends have got a glimpse of her in short skirt and jaunty little sailor hat, they would have marveled at the energy and alertness displayed. There was none of the languid gracefulness that characterized the beautiful, exclusive Lady Althea in the girl that romped through the forests of Devonshire. Grace marveled while she rejoiced to see her friend so happy.

One day, on one of their innumerable rambles through the wood, they stand on the summit of a hill; below them flows a clear, sparkling brook that nowhere appears so lovely as when seen in the shadows of a dense wood. They watch it with delight and admiration, as it goes dancing merrily over the rocks and pebbles on its way to the sea.

"Is it not glorious?" cries Lady Althea, as she turns eyes full of soft rapture to her friend. "This is life, this is freedom!"

"Freedom?" says Lady Neville. "Is there any such thing as that? Even that charming little brook is not free. It must keep to the course God made for it. There is no creature living who has absolute freedom. So long as soul and body are united, so long will bondage remain."

"You are right, dear," says Lady Althea, softly. "For the moment I forgot that perfect freedom is not for the inhabitants of this world. God's ways are not our ways, and it is best so."

"Yet you have not much to complain of," laughed Grace. "You are as nearly free as it is given to mortals to be. You go where you like and do as you like, and have no husband to find fault with you. Surely that is sufficient freedom?"

"True, dear!" the other replied with sudden gravity. "Yet, my experience of life has taught me that too much freedom does not tend to make us happier. Woman's nature is peculiarly self-sacrificing. The wives and mothers that are called upon to sacrifice much for those they love, are invariably the happiest women. There have been times when I have positively envied the poor mothers in the slums, who would press their babies to their breasts and gaze with real love and adoration at the pale, pinched little faces, that were dearer to them than all earthly possessions."

"What a confession!" Grace cried lightly, but her eyes were suspiciously moist. "I am glad you haven't outlived that feminine weakness, my dear. You have the maternal instinct in a remarkable degree. You are right, my dear, motherhood is a joy and a blessing. God gives us none greater." She pauses for a moment, and there is a sweet, holy light in the lovely expressive eyes that Lady Althea has never seen there before. "But to think you should feel like that and I never suspected it," with a sweet, radiant smile at her friend.

"My dear, the world has somehow or other formed the idea that I am emotionless and cold. That because I have never married, I have none of the tender feelings that are a woman's by right of her sex. I have found it less trouble to allow the idea to prevail than it would be to contradict it. Then, you know, an old maid is not supposed to have any tenderness of heart, she must be cold, sour, and unapproachable, if she would maintain her reputation."

"Well, then, my dear, as an old maid you are a failure. You are neither cold nor sour nor unapproachable, but the dearest girl living."

Lady Althea smiles pleasantly.

"The world does not see me through your eyes, dear Lady Neville."

"One thing puzzles me though," Grace says thoughtfully, "that is how a woman of your temperament has never married. With the strong maternal instincts which you possess, you would make a model wife and an ideal mother. Some man has missed a jewel of great price."

"There is an old saying that it is best to let well enough alone. I might be worse off than I am at present," she answered, but there was a touch of sadness in her voice.

"Yet, you envied the mother in the slums?"

"That was one of those moments when nature was seeking revenge. Nature exacts many penalties from us bachelor maids, you know. That was one of them."

"You will marry yet," Grace says with conviction. "A woman of your temperament can't go through life without husband or children to love."

"My dear Grace, at thirty-four years of age?" with surprise and a little scorn.

"That is not old, and you are only a girl at heart."

Lady Althea smiles pensively.

"I shall never marry. Men are stupid and uninteresting, and then, I have observed that as a rule married people are unhappy."

Grace colors painfully, and her eyes seek the pretty little brook that flows ever onward.

"You are judging the world by the people one meets in society. Yet, it is a sad fact that many of the marriages are merely business arrangements. There is seldom any heart in it, therefore, it can hardly be expected that much happiness will result from the union."

"It never does. Sentiment seldom outlives the honeymoon."

"In business marriages I believe that is true, but in real love affairs it should endure forever."

"My dear Grace, you are very romantic, but have you never thought of the very few real happy marriages one sees? One or the other is sure to weary of their bondage, or grow indifferent to the charms they once thought so dear."

"What makes you think I am romantic?" Grace asked thoughtfully.

"Many things. You are full of romance, which is an unfortunate quality to possess."

"Why so?" asked Grace slowly.

"Well, in the first place, romantic people never see things as they really are. Then again they are like the great poets of old; they go through life misunderstood. Their lives are miserable worrying over the troubles of others. Their sympathies are too acute. They love intensely and imagine the one loved possessed of every high and noble quality, which, alas! they seldom are. In short, they set up a god and worship it, until amid a series of shocks and disappointments they are brought to the bitter knowledge that their idol is but common clay. Then, their ideals are shattered, their hearts broken."

They are both silent for some seconds. They are going slowly along the narrow path that leads through the wood to the Grange.

"What an insight you have into human nature! You must have thought a great deal about such things to be able to talk like that?" Grace says slowly and earnestly.

"Not so very much. Our faces reveal a great deal to a careful observer. There are few studies more fascinating than that of physiognomy; love, joy, pleasure, pain, hatred and malice, succeed each other so quickly, and are such indelible proofs of the character and temperament of the one who possesses them, that it would be folly to let them pass unobserved.

"My dear Althea, you are a wonder." Grace says laughingly. "What impression did you get from my face?"

"Well, if I remember right, I thought you were unhappy. Your ideals are too high to be realized. You are fanciful and emotional and extremely sensitive. I said to myself, 'She cares nothing for social prominence or worldly fame; her happiness lies in a close communion with nature and in the quiet tranquillity of home, in the society of those she loves.'"

"You know me better than I know myself. You are right, society and the world are nothing to me; home is my heaven. But how strange that you should think me unhappy!"

"Not strange at all. Your face is more given to reveal than to conceal your emotions. Yours is not a weak nature; yet, something tells me there will come a day when you will need all your strength."

As the two enter the green, velvety lawn, a baby's prattle falls musically on their ears. Two little twinkling eyes see Grace coming and two eager, impatient little feet are making frantic efforts to reach her. With a glad cry of "my little darling!" Grace runs forward and catches the baby form to her breast.

"Ah, Althea! You have missed the sweetest and purest joy that the world knows. I thank God that I am a mother! My baby compensates me for all other deficiencies of life."

A thrill of holy joy pierces her heart as she folds her baby to her breast.

"How you must love that child, Grace?" Lady Althea says, half enviously, smiling at the lovely picture of mother and babe.

"Love him? That don't express it at all. I adore him! In those tiny hands of his he holds my life, my very soul's salvation!" the mother cried.

Lady Althea wisely shakes her head.

"My dear Grace, it is not wise to love any one like that."

"I know what you would say, but I can't help loving him so. He is my all," kissing the lovely baby's lips. "I often wonder how mothers who have innocent little children to love and cherish could go wrong, as the saying is. I could understand a wife whose home is unhappy and who has no tender baby fingers to twine about their heart-strings, but for a mother to forsake her own children for love or any other worldly consideration, is to me inexplicable."

"It does seem strange," her friend answered thoughtfully. "And I have noticed that it is not always the frivolous, flighty women who are guilty of such folly, but often the calm, thoughtful ones, whom of all people we would least expect."

"Yes," Grace answers calmly enough, though her face has grown very pale, "those are the cases which to the world seem so strange and inexplainable. They see none of the suffering and heartaches that led up to such a rash act, but only the result."

"It is hard to judge such cases," her friend replies. "I have known so many unhappy marriages and so very few really happy ones, that I long ago came to the conclusion that matrimony is a peculiarly uncertain state of existence. I have known people to marry for love, for money, for position, for duty, or to please relatives. Yet, with the exception of one or two cases in favor of the first named motive, the marriages have turned out a failure. The lovers were not really in love with each other, but merely thought they were, and within a year have found out their mistake; the others are miserable, indifferent, or faithless, as the case may be. But they are all unhappy—terribly unhappy. With such an example of 'matrimonial bliss' constantly before my eyes, you can scarcely blame me for being an 'old maid,' can you, dear?"

"No, I suppose not," Grace answers slowly. "You are one of the fortunate women who have only yourself to please."

## CHAPTER X.

## AN ANCHORLESS LIFE.

The following morning dawns wild and tempestuous. As Grace wakes, the howling of wind and the fierce clatter of rain against her window panes falls with a shiver upon her ears. She rises and dons a loose dressing gown and stands gazing through the window at the driving rain.

"There will be no pleasant rambles today," she thinks regretfully, as she looks down on the dripping lawn beneath.

There is a hurried knock on her door. Something in the quick, peremptory knock sends a chill to her heart. She opens the door at once.

"Nurse would like you to come to the nursery, my lady," a pleasant faced maid said. "Baby don't seem very well this morning."

"I will go at once," she answers, a vague fear at her heart. "Baby not well! Little Dick sick!" she thinks with a sudden terrible fear. "Oh, God! What would I do if——"

She does not finish the sentence. The very horror of the thought freezes the words on her lips.

She goes straight to the little white curtained cot, and bends anxiously over her child. He is sleeping, uneasily. The sweet baby face is flushed, the little dimpled hands hot and feverish, the lips parched and dry.

"Oh, nurse, what is it?" she cries, a cold chill at her heart.

"I don't know, my lady, I fear it is scarlet fever, or measles, or some such thing. I hear they have diphtheria in the village, but I hardly think it is that."

"Diphtheria!" Grace echoes, in a horror striken voice. "That is very dangerous, is it not, nurse?"

"Yes, my lady, and I hear it is the very worst kind they have in the village. I think we should send for Dr. Wright."

"Oh, certainly! I had forgotten that. Send James for the doctor and tell him to hasten."

The baby stirs uneasily, the blue eyes open wide and see Grace. The tender baby lips murmur her name and two little hot hands are stretched towards her.

She takes the little figure in her arms and presses him to her heart, murmuring the fond and tender words the baby's ears have grown to love. Soothed and content, he sinks into uneasy slumber.

Two anxious hours drag wearily by ere the doctor arrives, and the little form, limp and unresisting is taken from her arms.

The doctor makes a careful examination of the little figure and his face grows thoughtful and serious. He reads the anguish on the young mother's face and in his heart he pities her, for he knows what the end must be.

"My baby is very ill, doctor? I can read it in your face."

"Yes, the child is very ill," the doctor replies slowly. "He has contracted black diphtheria in its worst form."

"But there is hope, doctor? Don't tell me my baby is not going to get better!" she cries, a quiver of agony passing over her face.

"While there is life, there is hope, dear Lady Neville. We will do everything possible for his recovery; but I will not seek to deceive you. Recovery is rare and in the present case there seems little possibility of that. The disease seems to have developed with surprising rapidity; still, we will hope for the best," he said gently.

"Oh, doctor, save my baby, save my little Dick! He is all I have!" she cries piteously.

"I will do all in my power to save the little one," he assures her. "But try and remember that there is another physician who is greater than I. If it be His will that the child be taken, I am powerless in the matter."

The doctor left some medicine and explicit directions for its use with the nurse. Then, turning to Grace, he said:

"I would advise that you notify Sir Richard at once. His duty is here for the present."

Then he left, promising to call again in the course of a few hours.

As Dr. Wright was passing through the hall, Lady Althea stopped him.

"Is the child very ill?" she inquired anxiously.

"Very ill indeed," was the grave reply. "It is about the worst case of diphtheria I have ever had."

"But there is hope? You do not fear the worst?" she asked in sudden alarm.

"The very worst, Lady Althea. There is absolutely no hope."

"But, doctor, is there nothing that can be done? You don't know what that child is to Lady Neville."

Lady Althea's face had blanched, and a cold chill lay on her heart. In fancy she can hear Grace saying again, "In those tiny hands of his he holds my life—my very soul's salvation." She knows something of the terrible meaning those words have and her heart grows cold with fear, not for the child, but for the mother.

"I think I know something of what the child is to Lady Neville," the doctor says thoughtfully. "Her whole life is wrapped up in it, in fact, it is her one happiness. I would do much to save the child for its mother, but I fear that is impossible."

Lady Althea goes slowly up the stairs and direct to the nursery, where Grace sits with white, despairing face and eyes full of pitiful anguish.

The leaden-footed hours drag wearily by. To Lady Althea this day is the most terrible she has ever known.

"You must leave me, dear Althea," Grace says sadly. "The doctor tells me the disease is very contagious and you would be exposed to great danger were you to remain. It was very selfish of me not to have thought of that before; but you will forgive me, dear, I am so nearly broken-hearted." The voice is inexpressibly sad and despairing.

"My dear Grace, there is nothing to forgive, and I shall not desert you in your hour of trouble. I don't fear the disease, grown people seldom contract it."

"But I can't think of exposing you to the possible danger," Grace replied. "It would be much better were you to leave at once. Nurse tells me that the servants, with one or two exceptions, have fled from the house."

"All the more reason why I should remain. I shall not go unless you absolutely order me away and I know you won't do that," with a gentle persuasive smile, that suited the dainty loveliness of her fair face so well.

"Were I to do my duty, I would send you away this very minute," Grace replied, with a sigh that is half a sob. "But I am selfish and there is such a dull ache in my heart, that I am tempted to take advantage of your generous offer and keep you with me."

"I shall remain," her friend replies decisively. "Nothing could tempt me to leave you now."

"You are so kind, so staunch a friend, I should not allow you to sacrifice so much for me," Grace replies, her large melting eyes on the other's face.

"Hush, dear!" Lady Althea says very gently. "We will not discuss that topic

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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## FOUND A WAY

### To Be Clear of the Coffee Troubles.

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work. His skin was yellow, and I hardly think there was an organ in his body that was not affected.

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee and after some discussion he decided to give it up.

"It was a struggle, because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it and then it was easy to leave off coffee.

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kidneys grew better until at last he was a new man altogether, as a result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it too.

"Although I was never as bad off as my husband, I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 95 lbs. before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs. and can do as much work as anyone my size, I think.

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License Clerk—Think it over, young man; think it over.

### To Effect a Change.

Tom Highfly—I'm going to stop running around so much. To tell the truth, I'm tired of having a good time.

Arthur Henpeck—Then why in the name of sense don't you marry?

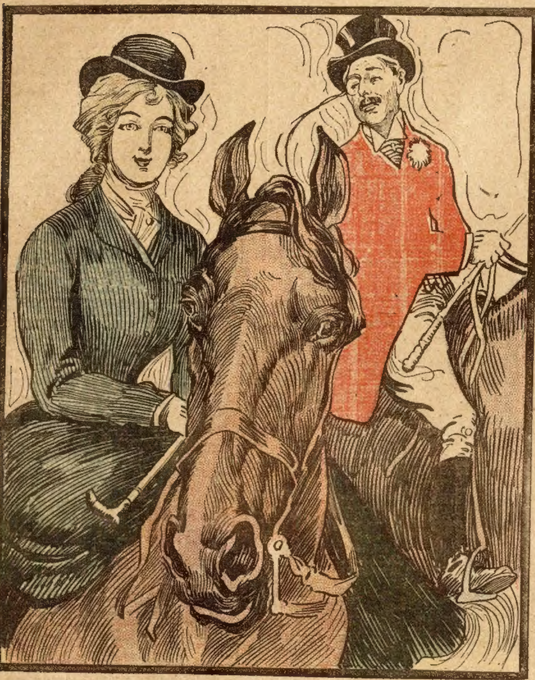
### Not Much Doing.

Rollins—I hear you spent Thanksgiving with friends in the country?

Collins—That's right.

Rollins—Did they treat you well?

Collins—Yes; but not often.



He—Tompkins has got more nerve than any man I ever met.

She—What now?

He—He came over to my place yesterday to borrow my gun, saying he wanted to kill a dog that kept him awake nights.

She—Well, what of it?

He—It was my dog he killed.

### Sorry He Asked.

"Here is the red parlor carpet," said the housewife. "It is called the 'skidoo' carpet."

"Dat's a queer name for a carpet, lady," replied Sandy Pikes, as he munched the hand-out. "Why is it called 'skidoo'?"

"Beat it!"

### Cutting It Short.

De Witt—You can bet if I were nominated for President I wouldn't fool away my time writing a long letter of acceptance that nobody reads.

De Hitt—What would you say?

De Witt—Thanks, I'll run.

### This Won Her Heart.

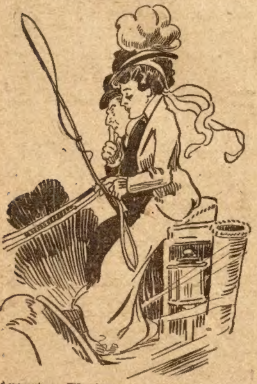
Said She—Do you believe that we really descended from monkeys?

Said He—No, but if we did how beautiful the monkey must have been from whom you descended!

### Mixed Terms.

"The living skeleton is dead."

"Then how can he be the living skeleton?"



Augustus—Won't you take me for better or for worse?

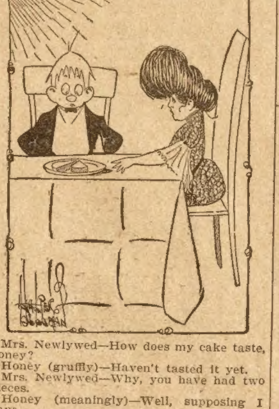
Ethel—I'm sure it would be for the better, Gussie. I couldn't do worse!

### Pretty Tough.

"Waiter, what kind of a steak was that you served me just now?" demanded the dissatisfied guest.

"Well done," responded the waiter, with a low bow.

"H'm! Do you mean me or the steak?"



Mrs. Newlywed—How does my cake taste, honey?

Honey (gruffly)—Haven't tasted it yet.

Mrs. Newlywed—Why, you have had two pieces.

Honey (meaningly)—Well, supposing I have.

### Sure of It.

The Country Deacon—There must have been a stranger in church this morning.

The Parson—Did you see him?

The Country Deacon—No; but I found a $5 note in the collection.

### Blighted Hopes.

"I used to think Fordyce would make a great political boss some day."

"And you don't think he will?"

"Never in the world. He'll never make even a statesman!"

### A Close Call.

"What kind of bait did ye use, Hiram?"

"Ten year o'—aw—fishin' worms."

### THE HUNTING TIME.

And now Br'r Rabbit wildly scoots
As through the woods the hunter hoots,
And all around his shotgun shoots;
'Tis hunting time.

At home o'er the books of cooking lore
The cooks for rabbit stews do pore
The hunter brings 'em—from the store—
In hunting time.

### A Brazen Girl.

Miss Highup—It's perfectly scandalous! Did you hear about Miss De Pink?

Miss Tiptop—No. What has she done?

Miss Highup—Oh, the most immodest thing imaginable! She's let all the world know she is crazy to get married by going and joining a cookery-school.

### The Only Free Gift.

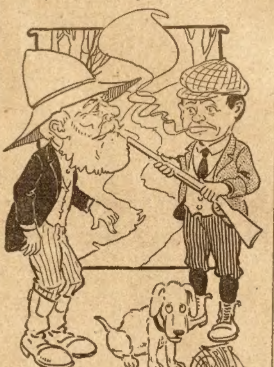
Noted Anarchist (in midst of violent harangue)—We come to dis country to better our condition, und vat do dey offer us de very first ding? Vat, I say?

Voice (in the rear of the hall)—Soap.

### Brave Married Men.

Miss A. (pointedly)—None but the brave, Mr. B., deserve the fair.

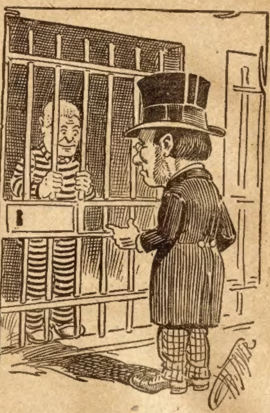
Mr. B.—None but the brave can live with some of them.



Haymowe—Say, mister, what be that dorg o' yourn, a setter or a pointer?

Huntsman—Neither. He's an upsetter and a disappointer.

### In the Jail.



The Visitor—Picking pockets must be a very difficult business.

The Convict—It is easy enough, pal, after you get your hand in.

### Art at a Discount.

Mr. Highart—Yes, I believe in the cultivation of art among the masses. Artistic taste, no matter where found or in what walk of life, is of incalculable value to the possessor.

Mr. Humdrum—Well, I differ with you. My wife spent eighty dollars last year taking art lessons, and then, on my birthday, she gave me five boxes of cigars—selected by the pictures on the cover.

### A Sinecure.

"What does your father do to earn his living?" asked a New York principal of a pupil who was being admitted.

"Please, ma'am, he doesn't live with us; mama supports me."

"Well, then, how does your mother earn her living?"

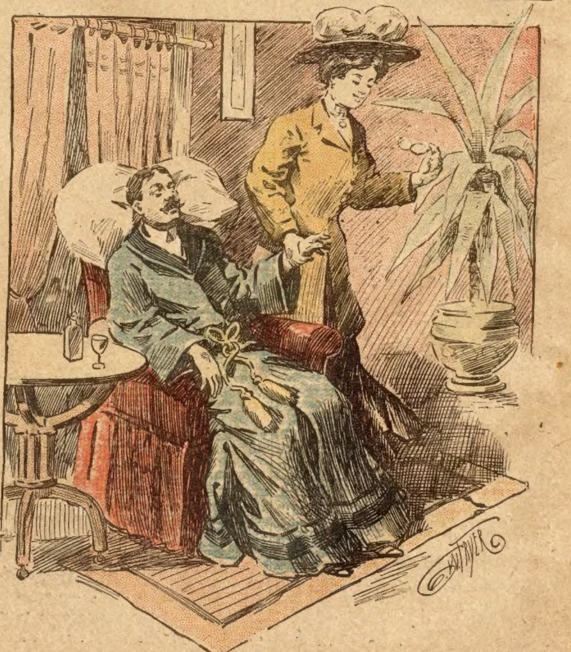
"She gets paid for staying away from papa," replied the child artlessly.

### Far Away From Here.

The Brute—What were you thinking of, Dorothy?

Dorothy—I was dreaming of my youth.

The Brute—Ah, I thought you had a far-away look in your eyes.



The Woman Doctor—Whenever I take a man's pulse I always subtract 10. It's about 10 beats higher when I take it than it would be if an ordinary man doctor took it.

# TACKLES

## CLOUDED BRAIN

### Clears Up On Change to Proper Food.

The brain cannot work with clearness and accuracy if the food taken is not fully digested, but is retained in the stomach to ferment and form poisonous gases, etc. A dull, clouded brain is likely to be the result.

A Michigan lady relates her experience in changing her food habits, and results are very interesting.

"A steady diet of rich greasy foods such as sausage, buckwheat cakes and so on, finally broke down a stomach and nerves that, by inheritance, were sound and strong, and medicine did no apparent good in the way of relief.

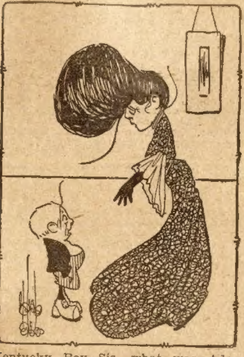
"My brain was clouded and dull and I was suffering from a case of constipation that defied all remedies used.

"The 'Road to Wellville,' in some providential way, fell into my hands, and may Heaven's richest blessings fall on the man who was inspired to write it.

"I followed the directions carefully, physical culture and all, using Grape-Nuts with sugar and cream, leaving meat, pastry and hot biscuit entirely out of my bill of fare. The result—I am in perfect health once more.

"I never realize I have nerves, and my stomach and bowels are in fine condition. My brain is perfectly clear and I am enjoying that state of health which God intended his creatures should enjoy, and which all might have, by giving proper attention to their food." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



Kentucky Boy—Sis, what was Adam's other name?

Sister—Why, Colonel, of course.

### At Mrs. Fourper's.

The star boarder thrust back his chair with a shocked cry.

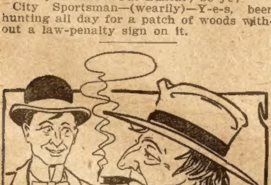
"Gosh, Marie," he said to the waitress, "I just found a piece of turkey in this turkey hash."

"It shall not happen again, sir," the maid answered meekly.

### A Long Hunt.

Jersey Farmer—Out huntin', be ye?

City Sportsman—(wearily)—Y-e-s, been hunting all day for a patch of woods without a law-penalty sign on it.



Horatio Barnes Tormer—I expect to appear in a good many pieces this season.

Lowe Kommedy—You bet your life you will if the audience gets hold of you.

### Useless Knowledge.

"That man is a walking encyclopdia."

"Walking, did you say?"

"Sure."

"Say, if he knows so much as all that why doesn't he ride?"

### "Like Mistress, Like Maid."

"The lady whose name you gave as reference, Susan," said Mrs. Hall Ways Changing, "tells me you were not always truthful and obedient."

"No, ma'am," replied the new servant, "I couldn't be, with her tellin' me all the time to say she wasn't at home."

### The Explanation.

Mr. Newwed (with suppressed emotion)—The last time I went to the club and came home late, I found you asleep, and in your sleep you murmured, "Come tomorrow night as usual, my darling; my husband will be away." Now, madam, I have remained at home every night since, but have been unable to identify my rival, and I demand an explanation.

Pretty Wife (fondly)—I wasn't asleep.

### In the Suburban Town.

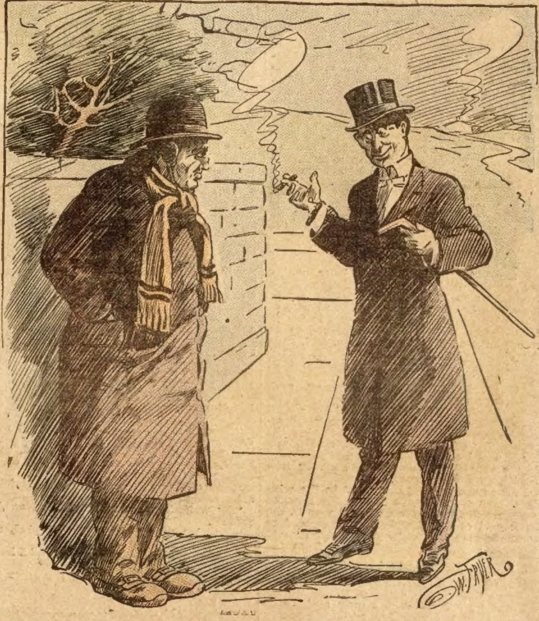
First Commuter—Do you treat your cook like one of the family?

Second Commuter—Nix. We wouldn't dare to take such a liberty.

### Nearly Mobbed Him.

Hoax (after the baseball game)—Anybody make a home run?

Joax—Yes, the umpire.



"Hullo, old chap, you are looking bad."
"Yes, I've just got over the influenza, and it's really left me too weak to crawl."
"What do you want to crawl for? It's much better to walk."

### Same Old Supply.

Star Boarder—When I first came here, ma'am, I understood you to say you kept chickens, and yet I haven't seen chicken on the table once.

Landlady—Oh, yes, I keep them; that is why I don't kill them.

### Deceiving.

Consider now the dentist's case,
  A funny case is his.
The more he looks down in the mouth
  The better business is.

### Perfectly Simple.

"Ven I am aschleep I always tell my vife to vake me vhen I am t'irsty."

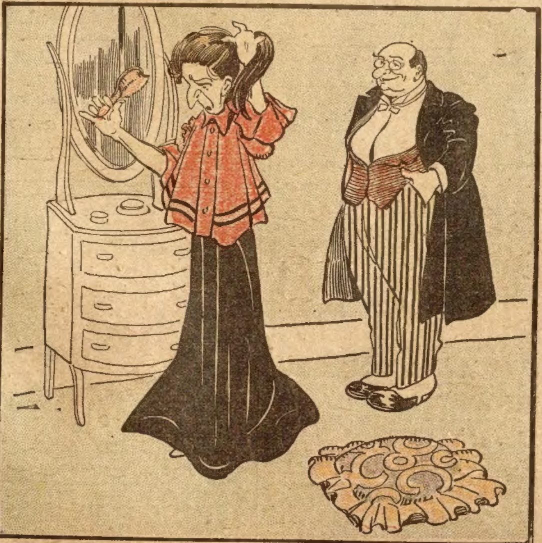
"Yes, but how can she tell ven you are t'irsty?"

"Hein, I am alvays t'irsty."

### No Trespassing.

Flipper—If you are dissatisfied with existing conditions, why don't you take to the woods?

Flapper—It's getting hard to find any not owned by the millionaires.



Old Busybody—You're longer at your toilet than usual, some new wrinkle?
Mrs. Busybody—Sir!

### Silenced Her Forever.

Mrs. Knag (viewing house)—Oh, how beautiful! The magnificent view makes me perfectly speechless!

Mr. Knag—I'll buy the house!

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

SWIFTLIT
WORKS LIKE CITY GAS
In Your Home or Store. No "Bonfire" to start it.

*Lights like a flash with ¼ of a match.* That's a fact which will cost you only 1 cent a day to realize if you use a "Swiftlit" Lamp. *Think of that.* Radically different from any lamp you ever saw or heard of. *Just like City Gas* and 2 better than a dozen kerosene lamps. Gives from 100 to 500 candle-light power—a penetrating soft light, the best to *read* or *sell* goods by, or it will *light your whole street front* if hung over outer door. No alcohol expense or tedious waiting; Acts simply by gravity or pressure feed. *Burners* which fit old lamps supplied cheaply. Thousands of "Swiftlit" Lamps are used by the people of the U. S. We were established in 1868. *You can't afford* to be without one. If you can be our Agent in your neighborhood, write for *wholesale price* on *specimen* "Swiftlit" Lamp. Now, don't put it off. Write *today.* Hear by return mail. *Then* order if you *want* to. You will. PLANET MFG. CO., Dept. 18, ST. LOUIS.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

$90 A MONTH. Men to work home territory (or travel) for Merchandise Grocery Catalogue House. Dept. 41, American Home Supply Co., Chicago

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KANS.

$90 A MONTH Expenses advanced General Managers, women and men, to leave samples and call on customers. Samples free. WOLFE SUPPLY CO., 60 J, 325 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

WANTED Lubricating oil agents, good reliable men to sell our high grade lubricating oils, greases, etc. Also Barn, Roof and House paints on commission, either side line or full time. Goods sold direct to consumer. The Reliable Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1016 Detroit, Mich.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to advertise our goods, tack up showcards in all conspicuous places and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. WM. R. WARNER MED. CO., London, Ont., Canada

AGENTS GET THIS $200

Taking only one order a day for our high-class, medium priced made-to-order Suits, Overcoats and Trousers, will give you a steady monthly income of $200.00 or more. No previous experience needed to succeed—our special guarantee plan gets the orders. Large Sample Outfit in Traveling Case furnished live hustlers free. Write now and get into business backed by big house. We will make you a cracker-jack, well-dressed salesman with money. WARRINGTON WORSTED & WOOLEN MILLS Dept. 80 178 Adams St., Chicago.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS!
SELL Photo Knives

Indestructible, transparent handle. Photo emblem and name underneath. Every blade forged from razor steel. Agents make from $25 to $40 per week. Exclusive territory. Big commission. Write for particulars. CANTON CUTLERY CO., 1265 W. 10th Street, Canton, Ohio.

USE OUR MONEY
A SNAP For LIVE AGENTS

Establish a pleasant, profitable and lasting business of your own. Be your own boss. We start you in the portrait business which will make you independent. We are practical men having worked up from the ranks ourselves. We are glad to help you. What we did you can do. Free Outfit. Our 248 page book explains everything. Write for it today. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-30 W. Adams St., Chicago

MAGIC BILL BOOK!
An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary pocket book. Sample by mail 15c AGENTS WANTED.
W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

LOTS of MAIL

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cents with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing. AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

### OLD HOME WEEK.

Well, here we are, back at the old home,
vine-covered from threshold to spout;
But there is the old rusty woodshed that
we had forgotten about.
The sweet peas are here, and the poppies,
and the bees with their old-fashioned
hives,
And here is the old-fashioned drainage.
How did we escape with our lives?
And there, at the foot of the garden, the
river comes down from the hills;
The old stream is laden with beauty, and
likewise with fever and chills.
Yes, here we are back in the village, and
we're glad that we made the trip, too;
Sometimes going back to the old home
makes one feel better pleased with the
new.

## THREE SILVER DOLLARS.

BY H. P. LEGGETT.

Silver money is not the money I like to carry, except what is necessary for small change in sums less than a dollar. Occasionally, however, I am compelled to load myself with a few metallic "cart-wheels," in business exchanges, rather than grumble at the person or persons from whom I receive them. But I always endeavor to get rid of them as soon as possible, to relieve my pockets of the weight. I have three, however, which I prize far more than I would their weight in gold.

Some years ago, in part payment of my monthly salary as a Pinkerton detective, seven silver dollars were forced upon me. I was a resident of Chicago at the time, and my wife had been for four months sojourning with her mother, in South Whitley, Ind., with the hope of building up a constitution much wasted by family cares. It was my custom to make mail remittances to the invalid, in the form of checks, which I usually procured at the Chicago National Bank, where I was well acquainted.

When I had placed before the teller thirty-three dollars in bills, and my seven silver dollars, I thought I had easily relieved myself of considerable weight. But I was mistaken.

The teller hurriedly counted the bills, took up the seven silver dollars, glanced at them fully a minute, and then returned three of them to me.

"Counterfeit," he said laconically.

"What!" said I, "do you mean to tell me those three coins are counterfeit?"

"I do."

"Are you certain?"

"Perfectly certain. They are remarkably well executed, but they are a little deficient in weight. See for yourself."

And he placed one of them on the scales against a genuine dollar, on the other side. The latter weighed down the former.

"That is the best executed counterfeit coin I ever saw," I exclaimed, examining it very closely. "Is all the counterfeit money you meet with as well executed as this?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied the teller; "it is not nearly so well done. These are the work of Ned Wilson, the famous counterfeiter, the favorite pupil of Brockway. I knew it well, for I have handled a great deal of it in my time. Here is some of the money that is in circulation here," he added, taking several dollars and half-dollars from a drawer. "You see, the milling is not nearly so perfect as Ned Wilson's, although it is pretty well done, too."

I compared the coins and found that he was right. I substituted for the three counterfeit dollars three bank-notes, and returned the former to my pocket again.

A few days after this I received instructions from my employers which caused me to take a journey to Elgin. I arrived there late at night and took up my quarters, according to my instructions, in a miserable-looking hotel on the outskirts of the town. It was kept by an old man and woman, the surliest couple I think it has ever been my lot to meet. In answer to my inquiry as to whether I could have accommodations there for the night, I noticed that the host gave a peculiar look at his wife, and after some whispering I was informed in a most ungracious manner that I could have a room.

I have frequently in the course of my life been obliged to put up with wretched accommodations, so I did not allow my equanimity of temper to be destroyed by the miserable fare set before me, and the still more miserable sleeping-apartment into which I was ushered after I had concluded my repast.

I stood for more than an hour gazing out of the little window which afforded ventilation to my room. Before me was spread an immense landscape, the limits of which I could not see. The hotel in which I had taken up my abode appeared to be isolated from all other dwellings, and, save the occasional cry of a night-bird, not a sound reached my ears. It was a beautiful moonlight night.

At last I began to grow weary, and, throwing myself on my bed, I was soon in a deep slumber. I was awakened by a dull sound, which resembled some one hammering in the distance. I suppose it was the peculiarity of the sound which awoke me, for it was by no means loud, but conveyed to me the idea of some one striking iron with a muffled hammer.

I rose from my bed and went to the window. The sound I have referred to reached me more distinctly than when I was in the back part of the chamber. It appeared to come from some outhouses, which were situated about a hundred yards from the inn.

"Now, I am naturally of an inquiring mind, and I felt an irresistible desire to go out and discover the cause of it.

I put on my boots, the only articles of attire I had discarded, and, cautiously opening the door of my chamber, noiselessly descended the staircase. A few steps brought me into the lower part of the house, which seemed entirely deserted. I crept quietly to the door, and, unfastening it without making the slightest noise, was soon in the moonlight.

Not a soul was visible, but the sound still continued, and grew more distinct as I approached the place whence it proceeded. At last I found myself before a long, low building, through the crevices of which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stooped down and peered through a convenient aperture, and, to my extreme surprise, I saw three rude and muscular-looking men in their shirt-sleeves engaged in a variety of strange occupations. One man was working a forge, another was superintending the casting of molds, and a third was engaged in the process of milling coin.

In a moment the whole truth burst upon me. Here was the gang of counterfeiters I was in search of, and the landlord and his wife evidently belonged to the same band.

I had seen enough, and was about to return to my apartment, when, suddenly, I felt a heavy hand placed on my shoulder.

Turning round, to my horror, I found myself in the grasp of as ill-looking a scoundrel as ever escaped the gallows.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed, in a gruff voice, giving me a shake.

"Taking a stroll by moonlight," I replied, endeavoring to maintain my presence of mind.

"Well, perhaps you'll just take a stroll in here, will you?" returned the ruffian, pushing open the door, and dragging me in after him.

The three inmates of the barn immediately stopped work, and rushed toward us when they saw me.

"Why, what's this?" they all exclaimed.

"A spy I found rubber-necking outside," said the man who had captured me.

"He's a traveler that came to the inn tonight and asked for lodgings; the last time I saw him he was safe in bed," said the landlord, who had approached from a concealed recess in the barn.

The four men withdrew to a corner of the apartment, leaving one to keep guard over me. I soon saw they were in earnest consultation, and they were evidently debating some important question. The man keeping guard over me said nothing, but scowled fiercely. I had not uttered a single word during the time I had been in the barn. I was aware that whatever I might say would in all probability only do more harm than good, and it has always been a maxim of mine to hold my tongue when in doubt. At last the discussion seemed to have ended, for the man who seemed to be the chief of the gang came forward, and, without any introduction, exclaimed:

"I say, my man, we are dead against spies—you must die!"

I did not move a muscle, or utter a word.

"You have discovered our secret, and dead men tell no tales."

I was still silent.

"We give you ten minutes to say your prayers, and also allow you the privilege of saying whether you will be hanged or shot."

Suddenly an idea struck me. I remembered something that might save my life. I burst into a violent fit of laughter. They looked from one to the other in the greatest amazement.

"Well, he takes it mighty cool," said one.

"I suppose he thinks we are not in earnest" said another.

"Come, come! you had better say your prayers," declared the man who had just spoken; "time flies."

My only reply was a fit of laughter more violent than the first.

"The man's mad!" they exclaimed.

"Or drunk," said some.

"Well, boys," I cried, speaking for the first time since my entrance into the barn, "this is the jolliest adventure I've ever had. would you hang a pal—one in the same line of business?"

"A pal!—you a pal!"

"I ain't nothing else," was my elegant rejoinder.

"What's your name?"

'Did you ever hear of Ned Wilson—Slippery Ned, as he's sometimes called?" I asked.

'You may be certain of that. Why, he's at the head of our profession."

"Well, then, I'm Ned Wilson!"

"You Ned Wilson!" they all exclaimed.

"You may bet your life on that," I returned, swaggering up to a table on which I saw a mass of counterfeit coin.

Fortune favored me. None of the men present had ever seen Ned Wilson, although his reputation was well known to them, and my swaggering, insolent manner had somehow thrown them off their guard, yet I could plainly see that all their doubts were not removed.

"And you call these things well done, do you?" I asked, taking up a handful of silver dollars. "Well, all I can say is that if you can't do better than this you had better shut up shop, that's all."

"Can you show us anything better?" asked one of the men.

"I rather think I can. If I couldn't I'd retire from the business."

"Let's see," they cried.

"This was my last coup, and one on which I knew my life depended.

"Look here, gentlemen," I exclaimed, taking from my pocket one of the counterfeit dollars which had been rejected at the bank.

"There is a specimen of my last job; what do you think of it?"

It was passed from hand to hand, some saying it was no counterfeit at all, others saying that it was.

"How will you prove it is a counterfeit?" asked one of the men.

"By weighing it with a genuine one," I replied.

This plan was immediately adopted, and the character of the coin proved.

"Perhaps he got this by accident," I heard one of the men whisper to another.

"Try these," said I, taking the other two from my pocket.

All their doubts now vanished.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed some. "Excellent!" said others.

When they had examined the three coins to their satisfaction they all of them cordially shook me by the hand, every particle of doubt having vanished from their minds, I carried out my part well. Some questions were occasionally asked me involving some of the technicalities of the business. These, however, I avoided by stating that I was on a journey of pleasure, and would much rather drink a glass of whisky than answer questions. We repaired to the hotel, the whisky was produced, and we made a night of it, and it was not until morning had dawned that we separated.

The next day I returned to Chicago, made a report of my discovery, brought down the necessary assistance, and captured the entire gang of counterfeiters in the very act. The den was broken up forever, and all of them were condemned to serve a term of years in Joliet prison.

I have the three counterfeit dollars still in my possession, and intend never to part with them, for they were certainly the means of saving my life.

### A Wonderful Hair Restorative.

Bald Customer—Can you really recommend this pomade?

Hairdresser—Very highly, sir. Look what a head of hair I've got, and now—removing his wig—see what I looked like before I used it.

## Bradley's Last Invention.

BY MAX ADELER.

I have already mentioned Bradley, of Pencader as the inventor of the Imperishable Army Sausage. Since he failed to get the War Department to take hold of that article of military diet, he has been busy inventing an apparatus for improving combustion. He knew that smoke is simply wasted fuel, and he at last devised an apparatus which he patented as "Bradley's Smoke Consumer." His view was that in order to produce combustion what was needed was first a strong draft, next plenty of air, and third to have the smoke kept from the chimney long enough to permit it to be burned. So he first rigged up a steam-boiler in his cellar, and then he bought six hundred feet of stovepipe which he ran from the furnace zigzag along the cellar ceiling.

Then he took it up into the parlor and ran it around that ceiling in various directions, after which he penetrated the second story and rigged it up in the same manner. Then he took the pipe into the third story, then into the garret, where he constructed a regular labyrinth, which ended by going through a hole in the wall.

When everything was ready, Bradley lighted the fire and started the blower. In five minutes the smoke began to pour from every joint in the stovepipe from the cellar to the garret. Then it commenced going out of the windows, and before Bradley could stop the machine the fire department was on the ground putting three two-inch streams in at the second story, when Bradley went out to explain to the chief enginees he wouldn't believe him, and so the gallant firemen squirted for three-quarters of an hour and wound up by having a fight on the front stairs, during which one man was knocked on the head and dragged into the parlor to bleed on the best carpet, while the rest of the crowd broke down the banister and ruined all the walls and furniture with water.

When Bradley came to investigate the cause of the smoke, he found that he had run the end of the pipe in the garret into the wrong wall. The chimney was over at the other side of the house.

Then he fixed it up and started the machine properly, and so far as he could see it worked splendidly. It was getting on toward dark by that time, and in a few moments a policeman rapped at the door and asked to see Mr. Bradley. Bradley threw about half a ton more coal on the furnace and went up. The man asked him what on earth was the matter with his chimney, and Bradley went into the street to look at it.

About a thousand people were gathered at a safe distance to witness the performance. Every time the blower gave a fresh spurt, red hot coals and cinders would vomit out of Bradley's chimney, until it looked like a small Vesuvius in active eruption. It was a magnificent spectacle, and everybody seemed to enjoy it excepting Bradley. The eruption fell upon his own roof, and presently it caught fire and began to blaze. Then they tried to call out the fire department to put it out, but when they sent word to the enginehouse the firemen said they had been fooled once that day by that patent machine of Bradley's, and it was a little thin to try to rush them out again on the same dodge.

So they remained quiet, and Bradley's house kept on burning. Every now and then a terrific crash would be heard in one of the rooms, sounding like the rumbling of thunder. Some of the neighbors were badly scared and feared that something was going to explode, but Bradley said that was only the stovepipe giving way. And when the house was consumed they dug the blower out of the cellar and sold it for old iron, and Bradley said to his confidential friends that while science has made gigantic strides during the present century, he was convinced that it had not yet reached the era where smoke could be actually consumed.

He is now engaged in inventing a galvanized wire clothes-line which will dry clothes with electrical heat from a battery at one end. He burned up four sheets and a table-cloth the first time he tried it, but he thinks he can make it work yet.

### The Old Yellow Pumpkin.

How dear to my heart is the old yellow pumpkin, when orchards are barren of stuffing for pies; when peaches and apples have both been a failure, and berries no longer dazzle my eyes. How fondly I turn to the fruit of the cornfield—the fruit country kids are taught to despise—the old yellow pumpkin, the mud-covered pumpkin, the pot-bellied pumpkin that makes such good pies.

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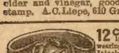
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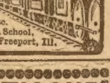
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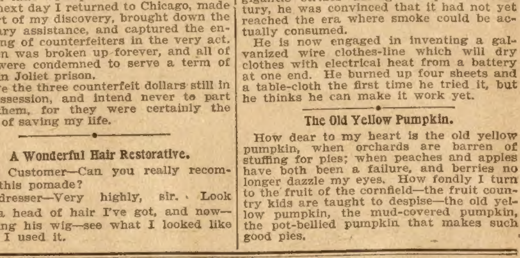

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# FUNNY FANCIES

## The Doormat.

A man somewhere out West has invented an ingenious doormat—at least, the idea is ingenious. It is just a plain, open-faced mat of conventional proportions. It looks like any other doormat—perhaps a little more so. If you like it you can have "Welcome" spread across it, or should you prefer the more pointed expression, the maker will weave "Wipe your feet" into the fabric.

A Western professor who wanted to show off his scholarly clutch on the Latin rootlets had "Salve" on his doormat, and pretty much the entire neighborhood thought he was running a cut-and-bruise dispensary.

Of course, the motto on the mat has nothing to do with either its merit or its originality. A bill collector knows that "Welcome" isn't intended for him, and a one-legged man would at once see the hollow futility of the request to wipe his feet.

As we have said, it isn't the motto that stamps the product of the Western man's brain with the seal of genius. Not at all. It's the fact that when you step on the mat an electric attachment rings a bell inside the house. There's no fumbling for a push button, no yanking at a stubborn bell knob. You simply step on the mat—ting-aling-aling! Could anything be more effective and less gaudy? Suppose a husband comes home in the late twilight. He steps on the mat while he starts a tracer for the keyhole. Ting-aling-aling! His wife wakes up and looks at the ormolu clock on the Louis Quinze bracket. Two a. m. Ring up the curtain, the lecture is about to commence.

There's another thing about this remarkable mat. When the bell sounds its warning note the mistress of the household peeks through a side window and sizes up the caller. If he is a book agent, or a peddler, or a bore, she presses a lever, reverses the current and shoots a lot of electricity into his feet. The caller naturally thinks he is getting numb or paralyzed or something and hurries to a doctor or rushes home.

It is needless to add that it's a great mat and the State rights will soon be for sale.

## Testing His Patience.

"Don't you know that you have the reputation of being the politest drug clerk in town?" she gushed as she entered the big drug store and picked up a dozen candies and two sample packages of chewing gum at one sweep.

"Thank you, miss," replied the modest clerk with a bow. "I always try to do my best."

"That is very commendable. Now, I want a stamp and I want to use your pen and ink and also your blotter and I'd like to look at your directory."

The clerk busied himself in passing over the above articles and then she said in her sweetest tones:

"Would you mind taking up this big blot? I'm nervous."

"Yes, miss, I——"

"And attaching the stamp? I don't like the flavor of the gum."

"Really, I——"

"And dropping the letter into the box out on the sidewalk? My fingers are inky. Thank you! That's a good boy."

The clerk dropped in a chair from exhaustion.

"Well, of all the——" he exploded. But she was back again.

"Would—would you mind standing by the window and watching for the collector? I've made a terrible mistake."

"What, miss?"

"Why, I actually forgot to dot an 'i'."

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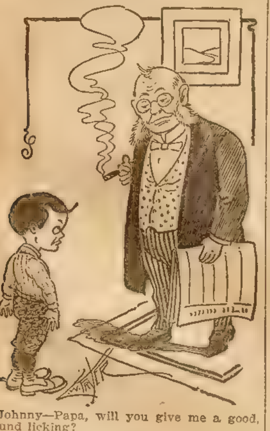


Johnny—Papa, will you give me a good, sound licking?

His Pa—What for, Johnny?

Johnny—Well, I'm going to sneak off and go in swimming, and I don't want to be bothered with a future.

## Close to Nature.

A gentleman from one of the Northern States hurried to Texas to the bedside of of his son, who lay sick with a very high fever. The doctor who had accompanied him was very anxious to procure some ice for his patient, and the father went out in search thereof. He approached a group on the hotel piazza, inquiring where he might get some ice. None of the group made any response for some time, but when the inquiry was repeated, one man finally renounced tobacco juice for articulation. Striding to the end of the balcony, he ejected the juice and made the still somewhat irrelevant reply: "Well, who the h—l ever heered o' ice in the summer time?"

## Regular Bargain.

"You refuse me?" said the ardent youth.

"I do, indeed," replied the beautiful girl.

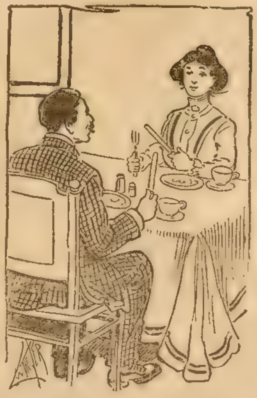
"Ah, then I shall go off to war. Suppose I return minus an arm, minus an ear and minus a chin. Suppose I return a mere remnant of a man? What would you say?"

The beautiful girl brightened up.

"I should accept you on the spot. I always had an irresistible fascination for remnants."

With new hope the modern Romeo started off for the scene of battle.

* * *



Mr. Nuspliced—But, dearest, I really don't believe that this is a spring chicken we're eating.

Mrs. N.—Why, I'm sure it is! The butcher told me himself that it was killed last spring.

## Completed It.

A teacher in the Garfield school was teaching a primary class the beginnings of arithmetic.

"Now I have one pencil in my right hand and one in my left," she said. "How many pencils have I? Helen, you may answer."

"Two," piped a small voice.

"Then one and one make two, do they not?"

"Sure."

The teacher frowned at the disrespectful answer.

"That's hardly what you should have answered," she said. "Will some one in the class tell Helen what her answer should have been?"

There was a moment of hesitation. Then one brown fist shot confidently into the air.

"Ah, James, you may tell Helen what she should have said."

"Sure, Mike!" shouted Jimmie, in a tone of triumph.

## Exclusive Privilege.

The late Gen. Shafter used to enjoy telling how, during the Civil War, several wounded officers and a few privates were going up the valley of Virginia, when a rain came on, forcing all hands to take refuge all night in a schoolhouse.

It chanced that during the night a skunk had found its way under the floor, and by and by had announced its presence after its well-known effective manner.

The officers all waked up, but, being gentlemen and each supposing that the others were still asleep, they kept silent. At last one of the privates, a German, could restrain himself no longer.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Dis is awful. Dey shleeps und I vakes, und I haf got to shmell it all!"

## Prearranged.

He pulled out the map and showed her the route of their prospective elopement.

"And where is the place you have marked with a white star?" she asked innocently.

"That is Cleveland. There we write home for forgiveness."

"And the red star, George?"

"Niagara Falls. There we write home for money to get back with."

Which shows that he was a far-seeing young man.

## Honors Even.

Johnson waited patiently until Thompson had finished his fish story; then he said:

"I want to tell you something that happened to me right up in that wild district where you say you landed a string of 1,000 in half a day. You know Beverly and I went up there two summers ago in an automobile?"

"Well, sir, we lost our way, and for five days and nights we couldn't sight a farmhouse or a human being."

"Have any food with you?" asked Thompson.

"Not even a sandwich."

"What did you live on?"

"Soup—soup, morning, noon and night."

"Soup? But what did you have to make soup of?"

"Why," said Johnson, without even the suspicion of a smile, "the first day we got lost the auto struck a stone and turned turtle."—Judge.

## "O, You're Killing Me!"

"'O, you're killing me!' cried a male voice. 'Have you no pity?'" said Senator Foraker, telling his story of a seaside hotel to illustrate hasty verdicts.

"There followed a series of awful groans. Then:

"'Stop! You are murdering me! I'm dying.'

"For a little while the crowd outside heard feeble grunts and moans. Then a wild shriek rang forth.

"'Murder! You've done it at last. You've killed me. O, I'm dying.'

"'What deed is going on in there?'

"There was a smothered laugh within, the door opened instantly, and a young and pretty woman appeared.

"'Did the noise alarm you?' she said. 'I've just been peeling off the shirt from my husband's sunburnt arms.'"

## Taught Him a Lesson.

When Uncle Hiram Hardapple came to town the other day to sell a load of hides he was accosted at the station by a smart city youth who thought he would have some fun at the old gentleman's expense.

"Hello, uncle," greeted the youth, with a wink at the cabmen, "how's corn?"

"Dunno," drawled Uncle Hiram, taking a firmer grip on his satchel.

"Well, how's wheat, old carrots?"

"Wheat? By gum, it's like you, young fellow."

"Like me? In what way?"

"Why, it's just fresh enough to be thrashed."

And, catching the smart youth by the collar, Uncle Hiram proceeded to give him a sound flogging.

## Business Is Business.

"You butchers certainly have a snap," remarked the grocer.

"How do you figure that out?" queried the man behind the meat block.

"Why," answered the grocer, "you weigh the bones with the meat and charge meat prices for them."

"Well," rejoined the butcher, "I don't see where I get the bulge on you. When you sell cheese don't you weigh the holes and get cheese prices for them?"

## Wanted a Nontouchable.

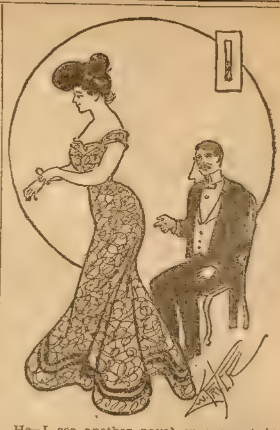
The umbrella man was showing the prospective customer a new rain shield with an automatic spring.

"Just look at this umbrella, sir," he explained; "it is so easy for some one to touch it and——"

"Never mind," interrupted the prospective customer, "show me one that is hard to 'touch.' I have had three 'touched' in the past month."

* * *

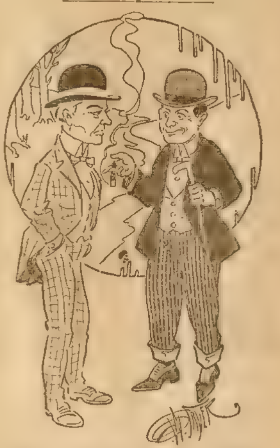
Only a very lazy man is afraid to earn money because it is tainted.



He—I see another naval engagement is reported.

She—More fighting?

He—I suppose so. The captain is engaged to the rear-admiral's daughter.



"When will you repay me my money?"

"Next week."

"But that's what you said last week."

"And I'll tell you so again next week, too. I'm not the kind of man who says one thing one week and something else the next."

Love may be blind, but sooner or later it bumps into an eye-opener.

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BOY'S
AND
GIRL'S
CORNER

# The Rogues of Rogue River

### By J. M. MERRILL

### Author of "False to His Trust," "Son of a Soldier," etc.

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Begun in No. 51, Dec. 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE RIVALS MEET.

Ross Ruddiford was on his mettle.

He was enraged at the loss of some of his logs and the destruction of his boomhouse, nor was he to be blamed for this.

Naturally enough he laid the whole affair to the Captain of The Happy Hand. Rodney Marand and he had been rivals in more than one instance; rivals at school and in athletic sports. And now to have the boy from Delta get the upper hand of him in a war for opening river navigation was a little more than he could stand in silence.

Ross did not believe the little steamer had been constructed for the purpose of river traffic, but simply to test a principle and to personally annoy him. Furthermore Marand doubtless thought that rather than have trouble the up-river mill owners would pay him a handsome sum to withdraw.

"I'll never pay him a red cent," grated Ross when he thought of this.

"Not a red," advised Contrad.

"I'd stand a thousand law suits before I'd give an inch," said Dick.

Now that he had been put upon in an outrageous manner Ross Ruddiford was ready for war to the bitter end.

When that April morning, after the disasters of the night, Ross learned of the escape of Sam Dallard in disguise, and accompanied by Dick Dingle, the boy mill owner, was in a fume of rage.

To add to all this came the whistle of defiance from the steamboat manned by stout hearts from Delta.

"I would let Sam go for the present," said Mr. Contrad, "and deal with Marand. He is very likely at the bottom of all last night's deviltry, and can be held amenable to the law."

This was sensible advice and Ross acted upon it.

On looking over his losses the youth discovered that they were comparatively insignificant, not enough to materially injure him, yet the perpetrator should be made to pay dear for his reckless actions.

Contrad made out a bill of damages to be presented to the young river captain. After this Ross hurried to a magistrate's office and procured a warrant for the arrest of Rodney Marand and Samuel Dallard. This he held in abeyance for a time, waiting to see how the invading force would meet his demand for damages.

Dick did not come around to explain his treachery, nor did Ross care to hear his words of apology.

"He'll come an' tell you hisself," said the boy messenger whom Ross met on his return.

"Oh, he will, will he?" snapped Ruddiford. "Well, he'd better be about it pretty soon then."

The Logdale chaps were not kept long in suspense.

Captain Marand marched jauntily up the street and confronted the young heir of Hilltop as he came from his door.

"Good morning, Ross."

"Morning," muttered Ross rather ungraciously.

The caller held out his hand. Ruddiford ignored it.

"Have you come to settle up for last night's outrage?" demanded Ross.

"I don't know what you mean, Ross."

"Pity you don't," sneered the heir of Hilltop. "I can soon show you if you are obstreperous. Your minions dynamited my boom house, nearly killing Dick Dingle, and——"

"I am surprised," broke in the Captain of The Happy Hand. "Of course, you don't expect me to own up to anything like that. I am here to go through to Warren at the head of navigation, and——"

"You'll never get any farther," broke in Ruddiford. Then, in hot tones the young millowner went over the events of the previous night, recounting everything of a compromising nature. In conclusion he said:

"How can you blame me for feeling indignant, Rod Marand? Even a common pirate would be no worse than have been your men. You shall pay every red cent of damage, apologize for what you have done, and take your miserable one-horse craft back to Delta and let it rot for all of me. If you don't——"

"Well, if I don't obey your highness' orders?"

"Then I shall land you in jail, charged with incendiarism and attempt at murder."

"What if I deny all your charges?"

"You won't do that."

"But I do."

"What, deny that what I tell you happened?"

"No, I shall not dispute the happening, but that I had any hand in the dynamite business, or even the cutting of your boom. I am here in the interest of honest river citizens, to enforce their rights; I do not intend to commit a crime, nor have I done so. Are you satisfied?"

"No."

Ross Ruddiford was red, and still angry. The cool, even smiling visage of his enemy annoyed him.

"Since I am not guilty of any injury to your property I refuse to pay the damages demanded."

The speaker turned on his heel.

"Look here, you sneak."

Marand faced about. His smile had vanished. He was white and determined.

"Speak out, Ross, and be quick about it. I am going back to The Happy Hand and push on up stream."

"That you're not. You can't get through."

"What's to hinder, since you tell me the wing boom is gone. There's a clear channel isn't there?"

"I suppose there is. But you shall never go through. I'll blow you and your dinky craft out of the water if you try it."

"So you threaten. Well——"

"I mean what I say, Rod. This miserable business has gone far enough."

"I agree with you there."

"There can be only one way of settlement."

"I hear you, old chap."

"You pay this bill or take the consequences."

"I have told you I would pay nothing."

"Do you really mean that? It is an easy way out of the trouble, Rod Marand. I can send you to prison——"

"Well, I should like to see you doing it," jeered the other. "I am not a jay from the back country. You can't frighten me with bombast. I am going up the river, and I tell you in all kindness not to interfere."

"I certainly shall interfere."

"Then you will get hurt."

"I have the right to defend my property."

"I am not going to touch anything that doesn't obstruct the highway."

"You sent me two notes, didn't you, about what you intended to do with your boat?"

"Yes——"

"That settles it. Contrad, this way."

A man sprang over the fence and blocked the way of Captain Marand.

When the boy captain attempted to move away, Cool Contrad clutched his arm and drew him back. White with indignation, Rod Marand forgot discretion. He dealt the Hilltop foreman a blow that staggered him, then bounded away.

Two tall young fellows were coming up the road.

"Hi, there, fellows, stop him, stop him!"

"Get out of the way!"

Rod yelled as he dashed forward. Ross Ruddiford's henchmen obeyed their employer, however, and caught the fleeing Captain. Before he could extricate himself Contrad and Ross were on the spot.

The odds were too great, and Captain Marand was overpowered.

"Take him to the house, into the basement," ordered Ruddiford.

The foreman, smarting under the blow Rod had dealt him, seemed glad to obey his young employer. He produced a buckskin cord, bound Marand's arms, and led him a prisoner to the stone basement of Hilltop house.

After the young Captain was safely locked in, Ross and Contrad held a council of war with several of the mill hands.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE HAPPY HAND STRIKES A BLOW.

Ross Ruddiford still held the warrants gotten out for the arrest of Rodney Marand and Samuel Dallard. No search had been made for the latter. In fact the master of Hilltop decided not to move in that direction just yet. He had his hands full just now looking after the Deltan invaders.

Dick Dingle came up while Contrad and Ross were consulting.

An angry gleam sprang to the eyes of Ruddiford at sight of his untrustworthy young friend.

"You scamp——"

A hand plucked at the young heir's sleeve.

"Never mind, now," whispered Contrad. "We have to deal with these other fellows first. Don't for conscience sake get into a quarrel with Dick."

Dick doffed his hat and bowed.

"That's me, all right enough," he said with a broad grin.

"It's you, Dick Dingle," resented Ross, unheeding his elder's warning.

"You are linked with the scoundrels who have destroyed my property."

"Now that's what I call ingratitude," said the widow's factotum. "I did my best to serve you, Master Ruddiford. I got myself blown sky-high in your behalf, and this is my reward!"

The speaker pressed his heart with both hands and assumed a tragic attitude. Contrad laughed. Even Ross saw a ludicrous side to the controversy, and smiled.

"You see," began Dick.

"Never mind," broke forth Contrad. "We've a more serious problem up to us just at present——"

"Yes, yes, I see," cried Dick. "The Happy Hand is in sight and the fur will soon begin to fly. Count me in, Ross, on that every time. My country, may she always be right, you know; but, gadzooks! my country right or wrong."

"That depends," returned Ross. "You may consider Delta your country for aught I know."

"I don't then. But, say, Ross."

"Well, Dick?"

"The fellows are ready to help you—Sam, and the others. And I want to be counted in. You see——"

"What did you do with Sam?" demanded Ross abruptly.

"He's at our place."

"You sneaked him off in good shape last night. After this racket is over, he will find his actions of last night a serious joke."

"That's all right, Ross. Sam isn't guilty of half you think. He is anxious to he you today."

"All right. You and he may come on you like."

"That was magnanimous of you," said Cool Contrad after the departure of Dick. "You can't trust a boy who will play a trick like that of last night."

"I know what I am doing," and Ross tossed his head. "I'll let him come and eat humble pie, after which I'll put the pinchers on."

At the time The Happy Hand tooted her whistle and set her nose up the stream Ross Ruddiford had made all his arrangements and felt himself ready to meet any emergency.

As soon as the invading steamer was out of the way he would deal with her captain who was a safe prisoner in the basement of the house at Hilltop.

After due deliberation, Ross and his adviser, Cool Contrad, had decided that no effort would be made to obstruct the course of The Happy Hand. Whenever the second in command chose to go on her way, well and good, but any demand for their captain would be treated with disdain.

Ross had learned from his prisoner that Abel Jeffords was in command during the absence of the Captain. And Abel Jeffords was a strenuous youth the master of Hilltop had good cause to remember.

Jeffords had been the champion baseball player of the river, was an all-round athlete, and a mighty good fellow, Ruddiford once thought. Now, of course, things were different, and Ruddiford was filled with hatred of all who were, he believed, anxious to do him injury.

Captain Marand was given a good dinner in his prison room. He was not deep enough in the sulks to refuse to eat. Chafing in confinement the, boy captain believed he was being seriously misused.

"You shall answer for this, Ross Ruddiford," he said at his last parting with his one time friend and schoolmate. "The law——"

"That's right, quote the law, Rod," sneered haughty Ross Ruddiford. "I have invoked it against you and your marauding band. I've a warrant even now in my pocket for one Rodney Marand, malicious destroyer of property."

"So? Confound you, why don't you serve it then?"

"Not too fast," returned Ross, who seemed to enjoy the discomfiture of his enemy; "I'll serve it fast enough as soon as your pirate craft is out of the way."

"But she won't be out of the way till I am out of this. The Happy Hand will go on through to Warren."

"Perhaps, but if she does, it will be without her captain."

An angry boy sprang at the speaker only to find a heavy door shut and bolted in his face.

The river was clear and The Happy Hand came bowling up the stream at a merry pace.

Toot-toot-toot!

The big whistle sent a long quaver of defiance across the water.

"Toot your old bazoo!" jeered Ross Ruddiford as he walked leisurely down to the

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bridge spanning the river below his mill, the bridge used as the main highway for traffic up and down the Rogue.

The master of Hilltop walked alone upon the long bridge which rested its various spans upon long piers.

Ross would go out to midstream and make faces at the raiders as they passed under the bridge. Instead of doing this, however, the steamer ran her nose under, and men made a rope fast to one of the big stringers.

"Why don't you go under?" queried Ross.

"That you, Ross Ruddiford?"

A stout youth made his way to the bridge and stood looking up from the deck of The Happy Hand, into the face of Ruddiford.

"It's me, all right," answered Ross. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Abe Jeffords——"

"Cheese that racket, Ross. What have you done with our captain?"

"He's safe, never fear," sneered the boy on the bridge.

"Well, you must give him up."

"Not as anybody knows of, smarty. Lower your smokestack and go on."

"Not without Rod."

"Then you won't go at all."

"Where is he?"

"Where he won't do any further damage, Abel."

Tall Ross Ruddiford grinned in the face of the other. Jeffords paled with anger.

"I thought we were friends, Ross, but you seem to have changed a lot since you have got to be boss at Hilltop. If you have harmed Rod in the least, you will be sorry for it."

"How about the harm he is doing me?"

"What harm has he done you? This boat is his, and all he's got in the world is invested in it. Other boats have been taken off at threats from you upriver fellows, but Rod ain't that kind as you ought to know. He has a right to run a steamer on the Rogue. It's a Government stream and you can't shut us out. Now, Ross——"

"I don't care to hear a sermon on morality, Abe Jeffords," Ross interrupted. "Either go up or down, as you choose. I am offering no opposition."

"That's all right, Ross. Give up our captain and we'll go ahead."

"You'll have to go without him as I told you at the start. He will be hauled into court and made to answer for his criminal acts."

"But, Ross——"

"Hush your blab, Abe Jeffords."

"All right."

Mate Jeffords turned on his heel.

"Tell Snoring to put on all steam and back her down hard," roared the boy commander.

A minute later The Happy Hand was moving down the stream with the water lashed into foam at her sides. The heavy cable was still about the stringer, the other end lashed about the windlass on the boat's bow.

Ross bent down quickly and struggled with the big knots. His fingers made no impression on the stout line. Springing up he threw a leg over the bridge railing and shouted wildly:

"Look out! look out, I tell you! You've orgotten to unhitch! If you keep on you'll ull down the bridge!"

His shouts must have been heard on the oat. Some of the crew had gathered forward and were laughing at his fierce excitement.

"By gracious they mean it!" suddenly ejaculated Ross.

He was right. There came a groan and a harsh grinding sound as the rope came up taut—a few seconds thus, then one length of the bridge fell into the river.

## CHAPTER XII.

## ROSS MEETS WITH A DOUBLE MISHAP.

A boy was struggling in the water.

Mate Jeffords stood at the bow of The Happy Hand and grimly smiled at the work of destruction he had wrought.

"I'll learn these mossbacks to molest our captain," he muttered.

"Hello! Abel, there's a boy in the water!" yelled a voice.

"Good enough for him. Let him swim ashore if he don't want to drown."

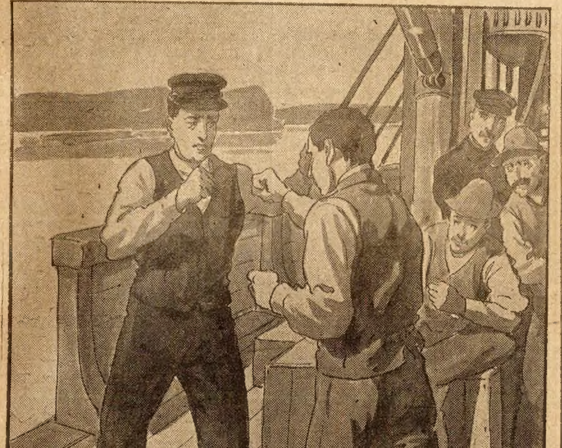
"But, by George, he can't swim; he is sinking!"

And this was true. Ross Ruddiford had received a stunning blow on the head and was therefore helpless. One of the crew cast a line. Feebly the boy in the water grasped it. He was too weak for the moment to cling. He was going to sink!

Divining the situation, Mate Jeffords dashed to the lower deck, plunged into the river and rescued his enemy at considerable risk to himself.

Both boys were pulled to safety dripping from head to toe.

"Now, then, steam ahead," called Mate Jeffords, who, seeing that Ross was reviving, went to his room to change his garments.



"Then take that!"

When he came out he had a pair of dry ones which he offered Ross.

The heir of Hilltop accepted this offer of friendship with ill grace. He put on the dry clothing, however, and then went upon deck. The Happy Hand had passed Logdale and was steaming bravely along opposite the boom full of logs belonging to Ruddiford.

"Say, Abel, let me off here."

A smile rippled across the face of Mate Jeffords.

"I don't think you want to get off just yet, pard."

"But I do. Confound you, Abel, what do you mean by taking me so far up the river. I can walk from here——"

"Never mind walking now, Ross. You won't need to for the present."

"Aren't you going to land me?"

"Oh, yes, we're going to land you all right, Ross Ruddiford."

"Well, then——"

"Land you in Warren city jail, old boy," and the speaker grinned.

"This is too much. I won't stand it."

"Here's a chair. Please sit down."

"By thunder, Abel Jeffords, you're the limit!"

"I mean to treat my guest well," said the Mate, smiling good-humoredly.

Ross, somewhat mollified, sat down. Jeffords did the same. The latter produced a cigar case and offered it. Ross shook his head.

"Oh, well, if you won't smoke, I trust you'll excuse me."

Mr. Jeffords helped himself and puffed silently.

Ross bit his lips. He was angry and unnerved. He had been bested by his enemy and it cut him deeply.

"Look over yonder," said he presently. "There is where my pier-house stood yesterday; it's gone now. And further up you see an open space where once was a wing boom. If you were closer you would notice a clean cut of the pole. I tell you, somebody shall pay dearly for all this——"

"That's right, Ross, I'd make 'em if I were you."

"And you, Abel Jeffords, are serving the scamp who did all this. Now set me off at once; the joke has gone far enough."

"But it isn't a joke, Ross."

"What then?"

"A dead earnest proposition. I shall take you to Warren, as I said, and land you in jail. Isn't that a plain proposition?"

The speaker removed his cigar and looked his passenger in the eye.

Ross Ruddiford could read determination in that look. His spirits fell. A fierce wave of anger swept him. He sprang to his feet and seized Abel by the throat. A sharp struggle followed. Having taken a sudden advantage, Ross had the Mate of The Happy Hand on his back when members of the crew rushed to the rescue and tore the enraged young millowner away.

"You miserable wretch!" foamed Ross, struggling in the hands of his captors. "If I had any one to stand by me I'd thrash you good!"

Mate Jeffords was on his feet now, arranging his disordered tie and wiping the blood from a scratch on his face.

"Leave him alone, fellows," ordered the commander.

Hands were dropped from the prisoner.

"Now stand back and give us room."

Abel Jeffords slipped off his coat and tossed it to one of the men.

Ross confronted him, pale and still shaking with anger.

"Pull your drygoods and come on, young feller," jeered Jeffords.

Ross glanced at the circle of faces about him. Noticing this, the Mate said quickly: "It's going to be a fair fight. The boys won't interfere."

"Then take that!"

Ross darted a blow at the face of the other. There was a smack and a spurt of blood from Jefford's nose. A yell from the crew followed. The Mate was staggered. He rallied, but Ross, who had knowledge of the athletic powers of his opponent, followed blow with blow in rapid succession.

The husky Mate went down. Ross stood back, pale and defiant.

Once more the commander regained his feet. The battle was renewed. Ross was pressed backward. Presently the two clinched and fell, rolling over and over on the deck. Shouts and screams from the onlookers followed. No one offered to interfere, however.

The Mate of The Happy Hand was too muscular for his opponent in a clinch and he soon cried "enough."

Ross had a black eye, while Abel's nose continued to bleed. The battle had been short and not altogether decisive. Ross, although beaten, was not reconciled to the situation.

Jeffords went to the cabin and washed his face. Ross drew aside and leaned against the rail, glaring at the wooded shore of the river. He was planning an escape.

The boat, bowling along at good speed, was now more than a mile above Logdale. A few logs floated in the stream, yet not enough to interfere with navigation. The Happy Hand was indeed victorious. Had her captain been on board the Deltans would have felt elated over their easy victory.

Ross was on the lower deck near the bow. He had placed one foot over the rail preparatory to a leap, when a hand grasped his arm.

"Don't do that, Ross."

It was Abel Jeffords speaking. Jerking angrily away, the boy millowner made a spring. Abel's hand caught his foot as he went over, and Ross plunged headlong under the bow of the swift moving steamer.

The Mate uttered a cry of horror. If Ross had gone into the wheel he was lost.

"Stop the boat, Snoring!"

Mate Jeffords ran to the engineroom. The man there reversed his engine and the wheels ceased to revolve.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Snoring as The Happy Hand's nose swung under overhanging trees, refusing to mind her rudder.

"Man overboard!"

Great excitement prevailed. The steamer went against the low river bank.

A line was cast and the steamer made fast. Jeffords gazed fixedly at the water expecting to see Ross rise to the surface.

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His anxious eyes saw only the shadowed water under the overhanging trees.

"Who was it, Abel?"

One of the crew asked the question.

"Our passenger," groaned Jeffords. "I'm afraid he's dead!"

The Mate's face was pale, his lips blue. He was certainly badly frightened.

Some of the boys went ashore and looked up and down the bank. Nothing was discovered. Ross Ruddiford had plunged directly under the boat and had doubtless been sucked into the paddle-wheel and killed. Perhaps even now his body was fast in the wheel. The thought made Jeffords sick.

He climbed the stair to the upper deck. Going to the wheelhouse on one side he opened the door to the covering and gazed down at the dripping paddles. He was agitated with the thought of seeing a dead body. He saw none, however. Crossing the deck he opened the door to the other wheelhouse.

The boy mate uttered a gasp and reeled backward. Something red dripped from one of the paddles.

"It's blood!" gasped Jeffords.

"That's what it looks like," agreed one of the crew who had looked into the wheelhouse at the same time. "The chap is killed, all right enough. But what's the use crying? 'Twas his own fault. He was bound to jump, you know."

"Yes, of course," admitted the agitated Mate.

He made no mention of his part in the affair, however. Jeffords knew that it was his seizure of the leaping boy's foot that had sent him to his doom. The thoughts of Mate Jeffords can be better imagined than described.

He would not leave the spot till the worst was confirmed. Here, under the trees the gloom of night was fast approaching.

Jeffords had the wheel turned slowly and every paddle examined. Nothing came of this, however. What was to be done?

"Let's go to Warren," suggested one.

"I can't go on and leave him," declared the Mate in a dismal voice.

"What's the use? It's most night. We can't do nothin' till tomorrow, anyhow. Better go on. Tomorrow we can have the settlers look for the body."

But to this the commander would not listen. He was in a state of mind bordering on madness. His act in dooming Ross Ruddiford his old school chum, completely upset poor Abel Jeffords.

When night fell the boys of The Happy Hand searched the river with lanterns, nor did they give over the hunt till long after midnight. Even then the boy commander refused to go on, deciding to remain where they were till morning and resume the search by daylight.

Sometime past midnight a skiff containing four men landed below The Happy Hand. Two of the men sprang out, passed up the bank and were soon on the deck of the little steamer. Abel Jeffords came forward, white and anxious, to meet the men. The youth recognized the foremost man as Gilbert Thornton, deputy sheriff for Warren County.

"I have a warrant for you, Mr. Jeffords," said the sheriff, at the same time producing a paper. The boy commander grew white, but he did not tremble. He felt like a murderer and did not care what became of himself now.

This capital story of boyhood luck and adventure will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. It will be to your pleasure and profit to follow its characters to the dramatic and remarkable close. Would you like our fine stereoscopes without cost, or six of our fine winter patterns entirely free, or one of our splendid knit woolen shawls? Then subscribe for the Ledger and they will be sent to you. Read our premium announcements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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## Her Fateful Marriage.

(Continued from page seven.)

at present. I have sent the telegrams to Sir Richard and your mother; we should soon have a reply from London, at least."

She has just ceased speaking when the nurse enters and hands Grace the expected yellow envelope. Wearily she tears it open and reads:

"Dear Grace:

"Sorry to hear of your trouble, and regret that the nature of the illness prevents me from going to you. Would advise you to engage a competent nurse and leave the child in her care until the danger of contracting the disease has passed.

"Your loving mother,
"MRS. A. LANGDON."

Grace is very silent for some minutes after reading her mother's telegram. Then, without a word she hands the yellow slip to Lady Althea and bends tenderly over her child's cot. Lady Althea reads the message, then slowly folds it and replaces it in its envelope without one word of comment, but there burns a bright red spot on either cheek and an angry gleam in the soft gray eyes.

Neither refers to Mrs. Langdon's polite message. As the weary hours drag by no word comes from Sir Richard. Owing to the uncertainty of his movements he may not receive the message for some days, possibly not at all.

The doctor has called several times, but only shakes his head. He will raise no false hopes and as the night closes in, it is apparent to all that the little life is slowly ebbing away.

The lamps are lighted and the curtains closely drawn and still Grace sits by the baby's cot, one tiny hand clasped despairingly in her own. She still wears the dressing gown donned in the morning. Lady Althea sits at the other side of the cot, and they silently watch the little one which, to one at least, is dearer than life itself.

Suddenly there is a soft ring at the door bell and they both start.

"Who can it be, I wonder?" Grace says, slowly raising her troubled eyes from the child's face to look at her friend.

"I don't know, dear. I will just run down and see."

Reaching the top of the stairs, she hears a well remembered voice and with a little joyous cry runs lightly down the stairs and with that rare smile of hers welcomes Cousin Charlie's wife to the Grange.

"Dear Mrs. Duncan, how delighted I am to see you! But have you heard——"

"Yes, I have heard. That is what brought me here. How is the child?"

"Sinking rapidly. I hardly expect he will live till tomorrow," she answered gravely.

"And Grace?" the other asked anxiously.

"She is taking it very much to heart. I fear for the future if the child is taken away."

"Yes, it is most unfortunate. Children are always such a safeguard," the other replied, removing her bonnet and cloak and laying them on a table in the library.

"But how did you hear of the child's illness so soon?" Lady Althea asked curiously.

"I was at Mrs. Langdon's when your message came. Of course, she promptly decided it would not be safe for her to come. Charlie and I talked the matter over and the result is I am here."

"And I am very glad of it. The truth is I dreaded to be alone with Grace when the end would come. Her grief is terrible."

"Does Sir Richard know?" Mrs. Duncan asked.

"We wired him at the same time we did Mrs. Langdon, but it is a question whether he gets it. It is two weeks since Grace has heard from him. They may not be able to find him now."

"It's a beastly shame the way he has treated Grace. And they say he and the Countess are inseparable. I scarcely believe he will come if he gets it. He cares nothing for the child, you know."

"That is true. Yet, unless he is lost to all sense of honor, he will come home now."

"Honor and Richard Neville are strangers. If the Countess permits it, he may come; if not, he will manage to trump up some sort of a plausible excuse and remain with his charmer."

"We will hope that he may come. It will be so much the better in the future, if he does," Lady Althea says sadly.

The continuation of this splendid story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months. With every subscription we send entirely free of cost one of our splendid stereoscopes or any six of our standard patterns, or one of our genuine knit woolen shawls. See our advertising pages.

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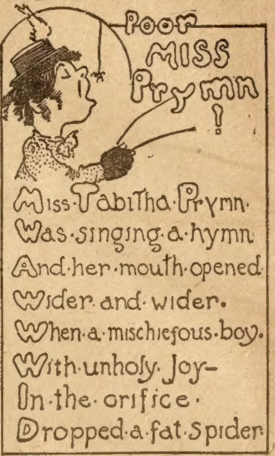

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## When Hayes Was a Student.

While Rutherford B. Hayes was a college student he went walking one day with two of his "chums," and happening to meet an old farmer coming along the road, they determined to have some fun at the old fellow's expense. Accordingly as they approached him the future President addressed him in this manner.

"Good morning, Father Isaac!"

Then his two friends spoke to the old tiller of the soil, one calling him Father Abraham and the other Father Jacob. With a sober face the old agriculturist looked up and in a solemn voice said:

"Gentlemen, you are mistaken; I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who was sent out to find his father's asses, and lo! he has found them."

◆

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# THE CEMETERY AT CHUCKLETON.

BY MAX ADELER.

The country around the town of Chuckleton, in our State, is of limestone formation. The town stands on a high hill, at the foot of which there is a wonderful spring, and the belief has always been that the hill was full of great caves and fissures through which the water made its way to feed the spring. Well, a year or two ago they organized a cemetery company at Chuckleton, and they located the graveyard upon the hill, a short distance back of the town. After they had deposited several bodies in the ground, one day somebody discovered a coffin floating in the river. It was hauled out, and it turned out to be the remains of Mr. Piggott, who had been buried in the cemetery the day before. The coroner held an inquest, and they reintérred the corpse.

On the following morning, however, Mr. Piggott was discovered bumping up against the wharf at the gas-works in the river. People began to be scared, and there was some talk to the effect that he had been murdered and couldn't rest quietly in his grave. But the coroner was not scared. He impaneled a jury, held another inquest, collected his fees, and buried the body.

Two days afterward some boys, while in swimming, found a burial-casket floating under the bushes down by the saw mill. They called for help, and upon examining the interior they discovered the irrepressible Mr. Piggott again.

This was too much. Even the minister began to believe in ghosts, and not a man in town dared to go out of the house that night alone. But the coroner controlled his emotions sufficiently to sit on the body, make the usual charges, and bury Mr. Pig- in a fresh place in his cemetery lot.

next morning, while Jim Dobson was g out of the big spring, he saw some- push slowly up out of the mud at the of the pool. He turned as white as t as he watched it, and in a few min- he saw that it was a coffin. It floated own the creek into the river, and then m ran to tell the coroner. That official ad a jury waiting, and he went for the coffin. It was old Mr. Piggott, as usual, and they went through the customary routine with him, and were about to bury him when his family came forward and said they would prefer to inter him in another place, being convinced now that there must be some subterranean channel leading from the cemetery to the spring. The coroner couldn't object, but after the Piggotts were gone he said to the jury that people who would take the bread out of the mouth of a poor man in that way would be certain to come to want themselves some day. He said he could easily have paid off the mortgage on his house and lot, his little girl take lessons on the melodeon besides, if they'd just allow Piggott to wabble around the way he wanted to.

There was no more trouble at the cemetery after that until they buried old Joe Middles, who used to have the fish-house up the river at Deacon's. They entombed the old man on Thursday night. On Friday morning one of the Woodruffs was walking down on the river-bank, and he saw a man sitting up in a canoe out in the stream, fishing. He watched the man as he caught two or three fish, and was just about to conclude that it was some unknown brother of Mr. Middles when the fisherman looked up and said:

"Hello, Harry."

"Who are you?" asked Woodruff.

"Who am I? Why, Joe Middles, of course. Who'd you think I was?" remarked the fisherman as he paddled inshore with a piece of board.

"You ain't Joe Middles, for he's dead! I went to his funeral yesterday."

"Funeral?" exclaimed the fisherman, as he stepped ashore. "Well, now, by George! maybe that explains the thing. I've been bothering myself the worst kind to understand something. Now, you know that I remember being at home in bed, and then I went to sleep somehow, and when I woke up it was dark as pitch. I gave a kick to kinder stretch myself, and knocked the lid off of this thing here—a canoe I thought it was—and then I set up and found myself out here in the river. I took the lid to split it into paddles, and I saw on it a plate with the words "Joseph Middles, aged 64," and I couldn't imagine how in thunder that ever got on that lid. Howsomever, I pulled over to the shanty and got some lines and bait, and floated out again, thinking while I was here I might as well get a mess of fish before I went home. And so it's a coffin, after all, and they buried me yesterday. Well, that beats the very old Nebuchedneezer, now don't it? I'm going to row right over to the house. How it'll skeer the old woman to see me coming in safe and sound! You lay low about it and I'll have some fun."

Then the resurrected Mr. Middles paddled off. The cemetery company failed during the following month from inability to sell its lots.

* * *

## Same Name, Different Man.

Gov. Hughes, at a dinner in New York, talked about disorderly political meetings.

"A friend of mine," he said, "was once a good deal annoyed while addressing a meeting by a man in the front row who howled like a dog. At every telling point in my friend's argument this man would emit frightful howls and spoil the effect.

"My friend asked the name of the man, and was told that it was Harry Loff. Then he said in a loud voice:

" 'Mr. Loff, it is plain that our friend Goldsmith had you in mind when he said:

" 'The watchdog's voice that bayed the
whispering wind,
And the loud Loff that spoke the vacant
mind.' "

" 'He said that, did he?' cried Loff furiously, and he turned and struck a little fat man behind him a hard blow over the head.

"It was only after a five-minute scrimmage and much profane abuse that Mr. Loff was convinced that the Goldsmith referred to was the long-dead poet, and not the little fat man of the same name."

# GHOST HALTS HORSE.

When the Society of Psychical Research holds its next meeting it might call before it Charles Henry Durand, a farmer living about three miles from Caldwell, N. J., and hear his story of how his life was saved by a strange apparition he met in the roadway on Monday night.

Since the death of his wife Durand has lived alone in the old farmhouse. He was on his way home from Paterson after dark Monday night, when his horse stopped still in the road and refused to move. The horse trembled so violently that Durand strained his eyes in the darkness to learn what the animal had seen.

He says he saw a flicker of bluish light, which moved toward him until it was beside his wagon, and then took on a misty shape. He says he recognized the form and voice of the apparition. It repeated to him three times the warning, "Do not go home for several hours."

With the cold chills running up and down his spine and the gooseflesh standing out over his body like a man with a chill, he tried to drive on after the apparition was gone. The horse refused to budge. The animal had broken out in a cold sweat.

Durand says he unhitched the horse and blanketed him. It was then about eleven o'clock. For two hours he worked with the horse, which seemed afflicted with the ague. After hitching up again he drove slowly to his home.

It was then nearly three o'clock. He put the horse into the barn and went inside the house. The first sight that met his eye was a muddy footprint. Durand found that nothing had been taken, although the house was a bit upset. He found a window on the ground floor that had been opened in his absence, showing how the intruder had entered. The farmer looked into closets and out of the way places and then decided to go upstairs. When he started up he saw at once that some one had been there. There were footprints on the stairs and in the hall leading to his sleeping room.

Lighting his way before him and stepping cautiously, feeling that some danger was lurking ahead of him, but determined to face it at all hazards and have the dread that possessed him over, Durand approached the door of his room. It was open, as he had left it.

When about to enter, Durand stopped and looked closely. Across the door at a height half way to his knee, so that his foot or shin must strike it, was a string. Instinctively, the farmer says, he felt that something threatened his life.

To the man of the woods, used to snaring of birds and animals, the string across the door suggested a spring or trap. Durand went down stairs and returned with an umbrella. He stood against the wall of the hall and with the umbrella handle gave the string a pull. Instantly there was a report and a bullet imbedded itself in the end of the wall. Investigation later showed it was at about the hight of a man's chest.

Durand then entered the rom and found a revolver fastened to a dresser. The string led from the trigger to the door. It was ingeniously arranged to shoot the person who entered the room.

Durand believes that the person, or persons, who visited his home did so with the intention of killing him, and, not finding him at home, arranged the trap. He says he has a suspicion as to their identity and knows the reason for the enmity that prompted the attempt on his life. His neighbors say whatever feud there is must have existed before Durand moved into the neighborhood where he now lives.

He believes the apparition in the road saved his life. He says he recognized the figure and the voice, and it was of a person now dead of whom he was fond. Further than this he refuses to talk. Durand never has believed in spiritualism. His experience has pretty well unnerved him, although he is not the kind of a man who is easily unnerved.

* * *

And every man is afraid of something; if it isn't anything else it's a woman.

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Nothing gives a greater sense of warmth and comfort than a fur scarf and muff.

5823 Fancy Waist with Low or High Neck ,32 to 40 Bust.
Such a round neck bodice as this one is very generally becoming.

5849 Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 Bust.
To be made with long or three-quarter sleeves. The plain tailored waist never goes out of style.

5835 Fitted Corset Cover, 32 to 44 Bust.
The plain fitted corset cover suits many figures better than any other sort and is in fact the most desirable beneath any smoothly fitting gown.

5836 Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 Years.
An exceedingly pretty frock for little girls.

5795 Girl's Yoke Dress with Bertha, 6 to 12 Years.
To be made with round or high neck, with or without the bertha.

5831 Child's Empire Frock, 2, 4 and 6 Years.
With separate guimpe that can be made with short or long sleeves.

5820 Girl's Dress with Guimpe, 6 to 12 Years.
The guimpe can be made with either elbow or three-quarter sleeves.

5813 Girl's Coat, 8 to 14 Years.
Long loose coats make most becoming wraps for growing girls and are to be noted in a variety of attractive colors and materials.

5796 Misses' Cutaway Coat, 14 and 16 Years.
Unquestionably cutaway coats are favorites of the season and many exceedingly smart variations are shown.

5793 Child's Coat with Shield, 2 to 6 Years.
The long coat, that covers the frock, is the favorite for little children and is worn in cloth of all colors, in velvet, velveteen, corduroy and cheviot.

5846 Boy's Shirt Waist, 4 to 12 Years.
To be made with attached roll-over or separate high collar.

5845 "Buster Brown" Suit, 2 to 8 Years.
There is no suit that the small boy wears that pleases him better than this one which is masculine enough to satisfy his ambitions while it is childish enough to please his mamma.

5847 Five Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist.
To be made in round or walking length, with inverted plaits or habit back

5828 Seven Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist.
The plain gored flared skirt is always a graceful and becoming one and this season will have extended vogue.

5792 Nine Gored Skirt with Panels, 22 to 30 Waist.
The skirt that is made with panels is a favorite among the latest models and has much to commend it.

5816 Seven Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 Waist.
It is eminently graceful, takes long and beautiful lines and can be trimmed to give the tunic, or shawl, suggestion very easily and readily.

5825 Semi-Fitted Coat, 34 to 42 Bust.
The semi-fitted coat is always a becoming and satisfactory one.

5797 Princess Gown, 32 to 40 Bust.
To be made in round or walking length. The princess gown always is a graceful and attractive one and just now it is high in favor with la mode.

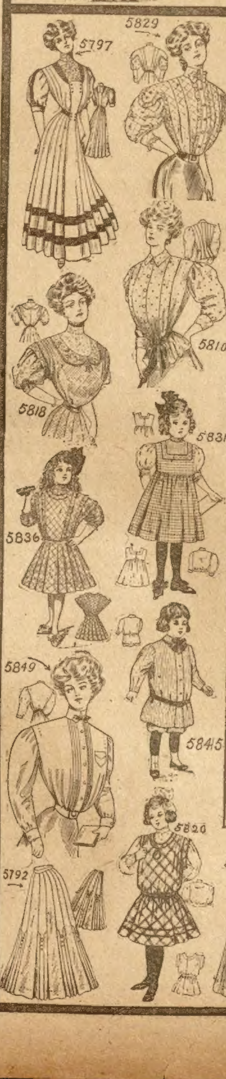
5810 Box Plaited House Jacket, 32 to 42 Bust.
To be made with three-quarter or long sleeves. Simple house jackets are always in demand for they fill a definite, practical need.

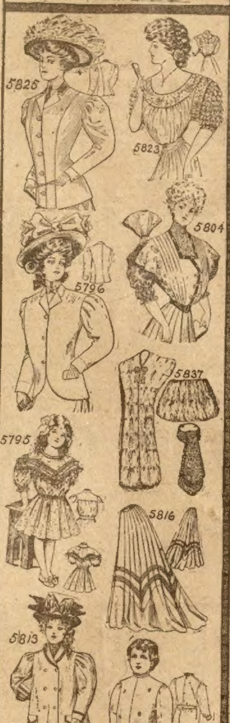
5818 Over Blouse or Jumper, 32 to 40 Bust.
The over blouse is made in one piece and is tucked over the shoulders, the sleeves being cut in one with it.

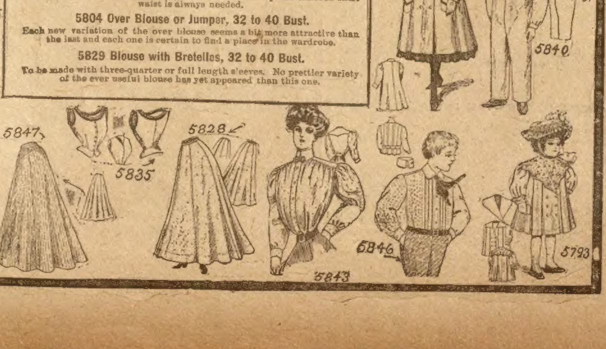
5843 Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 Bust.
To be made with or without the yoke at back. The plain tailored shirt waist is always needed.

5804 Over Blouse or Jumper, 32 to 40 Bust.
Each new variation of the over blouse seems a bit more attractive than the last and each one is certain to find a place in the wardrobe.

5829 Blouse with Bretelles, 32 to 40 Bust.
To be made with three-quarter or full length sleeves. No prettier variety of the ever useful blouse has yet appeared than this one.







# FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

### A NAUGHTY DOLLY.

You Glorianna May Ca'line!
  Des look me in de face.
I's 'shamed to own dat you is mine—
  Now ain't you a disgrace!
Huccome dat stockin' all wo' out?
  Where is yo' udder shoe?
How did you git dat sleebe to' out?
  Yo' face is dirty too!

En ennybody'd tink yo' ha'r
  Had nebber saw a comb!
You ought to go to bed—so dar!
  En stay a week at home!
En yo' new sash—what does I fin'?—
  A dred-big hole to' in it!
I'se got de berry goodes' min'
  To spank you right dis minit!

—Children's Magazine.

### The Fighting Zebra.

The head keeper of a certain zoological garden in England has good reason to say, as he did a short time ago, that some zebras, perhaps most of them, are as fierce as tigers. He has passed nearly all his life among the animals, and a zebra is is the only one that has ever hurt him. He on good terms with lions, tigers, leopards, bears, elephants and monkeys, but has found the zebra untamable. He turned it out into the yard one day, so that fresh straw might be put into its stall. The door was a sliding one, and it had not been entirely closed. The keeper was in the stall arranging the straw ,when the zebra heard him, and it at once trotted up to the door and stuck its nose in the crack to see what was going on. Finding that the door moved under its touch, it pushed into the stall and went for the keeper with the utmost ferocity. It caught him by the leg below the knee, and threw him to the floor. The keeper kicked at it with his other foot savagely, but the zebra held on and broke the man's shin bone with its teeth. Fortunately, some of the under keepers heard the struggle, and rushed to the stall with pitchforks, the weapons used on such occasions, and it was only after a desperate battle that the enraged animal was fought off.

### Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Mrs. Neighbors—It's too bad of you, Mildred, to worry your mamma so.

Little Mildred—Huh! you don't know mamma. She worries me more than I worry her.

Mother—Harold, why did you take your little sister's candy this morning?

Small Harold—I don't know, mamma. Perhaps I'm a kleptomaniac.

Little Ethel (looking at picture book)—Elmer, where do you s'pose Adam got the names for all the animals?

Small Elmer—Why, from the dictionary, of course.

Little Irene—I found a four-leaved clover today. That means good luck.

Small Elmer—Huh! I found a horseshoe. That means still better luck.

Little Irene—How do you know?

Small Elmer—'Cause I can sell it for 2 cents.

"Here is a picture of a thimble, Emerson," said the Boston teacher. "Now, can you tell me what a thimble is?

"A thimble," answered small Emerson, "is a diminutive truncated cone, convex on its apex and semiperforated with symmetrical indentations."

### A Tree That Whistles.

There is a tree in the West Indies that whistles. It has a leaf with a peculiar [illegible]pe, and pods with a split or open edge. The passage of the wind through these leaves and pods makes the sound that has given the tree its name. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees ,and when the winds blow across the islands, a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard, which, in the still hours of the night, makes a dismal, uncanny sound. There is a whistling-tree in the Soudan also. It is a species of acacia. Certain insects lay their eggs in its shoots, and when the larvae are hatched, they di[illegible]end the shoots into a sort of bladder shape, from one to two inches in diameter. When the insect is ready to come out, it bores a hole in the bladder, and the wind, blowing over these holes, makes a sound much like that of a flute.

### Thinks She's a Witch.

There is a blind girl in Nova Scotia, about thirty-five miles from Halifax, who has done such wonderful things in the last two years that the people have come to believe that she is a witch and are afraid of her. She can tell when a storm is coming, no matter if it is two weeks off. She can tell when schools of fish will come along the coast; when any one in the village is to fall sick; when anyone around her is going to die, when one is to lose his cow or horse. If a crime is committed she gives a description of the criminal, and sometimes tells where he is hiding. In July she predicted the loss of a steamer on which her own father would be a passenger, and he was lost with the vessel.

### The Boy and Billy.

In a village near Berlin, Germany, a few weeks ago, a boy saw a goat feeding on a hillside, and, wishing to give the animal a scare, he lighted and threw at him a firecracker. Billy was scared all right, but as he ran away he came in contact with a little girl and threw her down and broke her arm.

The girl's father demanded that the boy's father pay damages, but, as he would not, the case was taken into court. There the judge made the father pay $20 and sent the boy to jail for fifteen days besides. Some of the jury thought he ought to apologize to the goat, but he was let off from that.

### Music at the Zoo.

A violinist went one day to a certain zoological garden, and asked the keeper of the lion-house for permission to play before the cages of some of the animals. In one cage was an old lioness with three cubs. He first played for them a soft, low tune, a sort of lullaby. The lioness did not move from where she was lying, but the cubs slowly approached the bars of the cage, and listened as if entranced. Suddenly the music leaped from slow notes to a quick and lively tune, and the cubs went fairly wild with their delight. They rolled about, jumped over each other and their mother, and manifested every sign of ecstasy. When the music ceased, they gathered at the front bars of the cage again, and silently pleaded for more. The musician then played the lullaby again, and they listened as quietly as at first; but when he quickened his bow into the jig tune, they at once resumed their rollicking, and did not stop until the music did. How differently did those uncanny brutes, the hyenas behave! At the first notes played before their cage, they began to tremble, and as the music swelled they slunk away to the far side of their cage, and tried to squeeze their ugly bodies through the bars.

### Nothing Else to Do.

A Boston minister tells of a little girl friend of his who one day proudly displayed for his admiration a candy cat.

"Are you going to eat it?" the minister asked.

"No, sir, it's too pretty to eat. I'm going to keep it," the little girl replied, as she stroked it with a moist little hand.

Several days later the minister saw her again, and inquired about the cat.

A regretful look came into her eyes.

"It's gone," she sighed. "You see, I saved it and saved it, till it got so soiled that I had to eat it."

### They War on Each Other.

What a pugnacious community it is that inhabits the sea! All the creatures in it live on each other, and the whole extent of that vast body of water is a slaughterhouse, where the strong prey on the weak constantly. There is no other way for them to sustain life, but doesn't it seem queer that nature should have ordained such a state of things?

### An Achromatic Lens.

Many of the boys and girls, no doubt, have read or heard of an achromatic lens, without knowing exactly what the term means. It means a lens that transmits light without dividing it into its constituent colors. A ray of ordinary light is composed of the seven colors of the rainbow, as Sir Isaac Newton showed us by the use of the prism, each color having a different degree of refrangibility. When a direct ray is refracted, therefore, it divides itself into the colored rays, which deviate variously from the straight line of the simple ray, and thus surround the object viewed with a halo of those colors. It was thought for a long time that this defect could not be remedied, but about 1750 a man named John Dolland made an improvement that accomplished the desired purpose. He found that flint glass and crown glass differ in their power of dispersing colors, and he made a double lens, a convex lens of crown glass, and a concave lens of flint glass, and the combination of the two give an almost colorless image. The achromatic lens is of great value to astronomers, and also to users of the microscope.

### Joined the War.

Noah Webster, the author of Webster's dictionary and of the famous old Webster spelling book, was a precocious boy. He entered Yale college when 16 years old. He dropped books for a time to answer the summons of drums, the Revolutionary War then raging.

"Johnny," said a father to his greedy offspring, "you are like a pig. Do you know what a pig is?"

"Yes, sir," answered Johnny, "a pig is a hog's little boy."

**Personal Paragraph to our Readers:**

Every lady reader of this paper ought to be interested in the offer made on this page.

Here is a watch offered just for an effort. You may have seen pictures and handkerchiefs and such things offered just for an effort, but here is a genuine gold-plated watch absolutely given away just for **trying** for a premium. Look at the picture of the watch, and ask yourself, how can any lady "pass up" this offer when the watch is given, not for any work, **but just for answering this ad.** and making an honest effort.

This watch is **not a premium. It really is FREE.**

Besides the watch there is a set of dishes. These dishes are not exactly free like the watch—it is a premium that you must earn **with only a slight effort.** You can earn it by a few hours' work. I know you can easily earn these dishes, and anyway you get the beautiful gold watch free. Send your name and address to-day, either on the coupon, or send your name and address to-day in a letter; but write to-day to Mr. Roberts.

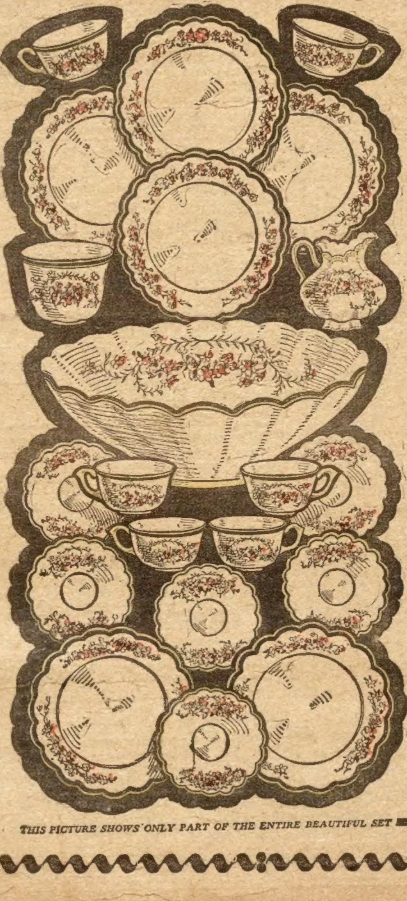
# Ladies

Ladies, just write today for this elegant gold-plated watch, a watch for which you might easily pay a handsome price if you had to buy it for cash. Just your name and address and you will get this watch. Just for your effort and promptness in fulfilling the simple conditions of the offer below.

**Remember this beautiful watch IS free. It is not a premium for which you must work—it is sent you free, prepaid, just for your promptness and your effort in our behalf.** Our object in giving you the watch is because we want to introduce the dishes, which we illustrate below, but even if you do not earn the dishes, you get the watch anyway just for trying. So send your name and address to-day. **That is all we ask.**

We will guarantee this watch to be gold-plated and genuine throughout. We guarantee it to you to be a good time-keeper, more substantial, more durable than many watches sold at high prices. It is only by special arrangement with the manufacturers, who want a few of these great watches introduced at once, that we are enabled to give this splendid gold-plated watch away with our magnificent and superb set of dishes.

**This Beautiful Watch Is Free** Yes, we mean free. Not a premium, but actually free if you send your name and address at once in fulfilling these simple conditions of our great offer. Just send your name and address and tell us you want the watch.



THIS PICTURE SHOWS ONLY PART OF THE ENTIRE BEAUTIFUL SET

## An Honest Dinner Set Offer

**A Real, high-grade, genuine, gold medal dinner set.** Not given away, but easily earned—when we say easily earned, we mean easily earned. We do not intend to give you this genuine gold medal dinner set for nothing. We want some of your time and some of your recommendation and some work from you. We do not want any canvassing nor peddling, but we want your help. We want just five hours' worth of your time, and you can give us your time in the evening, or in any of your spare hours. If you haven't the time yourself, you can have your children help you. In fact, your children can do **all** the work if you will only show them how.

**Then this grand, glorious genuine gold medal dinner set will be yours.** It will be sent you absolutely free of charge to you, and you pay absolutely nothing for it. Not one penny of your money will we accept.

**We cannot describe the beauty** of this genuine gold medal dinner set, with its hansome decorations of Arbutus Blossoms in all their natural colors and its beautiful gold bands. We know that a great many dinner sets have been sold which are not up to expectations, and when we tell you that this is genuine gold medal china it ought to be enough. It ought to convince you that we mean what we say, that our offer is an honest one, and that when you have done the work for us, you will get this dinner set free. This grand dinner set is really worth your while, a dinner set of which you and your family will be proud—for this is not a cheap premium, but just the kind of a dinner set that you would buy at the store for a high price.

**There are twenty-five pieces in this beautiful set.** It is not as large a set as some people claim to give you, but we know you would rather have fewer dishes of a very higher grade than a lot of poor grade china, and as we do not want to ask too much of your time, and do not want to keep you busy on our little work for more than an evening or two, we are offering this 25-piece set. If you or your children can put in more time, or more work, we will give you larger sets, **even a 176 piece set of genuine gold medal china.**

But of the china that we **do** give you, the 25 pieces or more, will be of the highest genuine gold medal grade.

**I know you want that kind of china on your table.** I want you to have the very best china—the kind of china used in the homes of rich people. I want you to have it and enjoy it, and I want you to picture to yourself how your table will look set with the beautiful, genuine gold medal china. Look closely at this picture of the dishes. See the fine wild rose decorations—a picture can hardly do justice to the set, but you can get a faint idea of the beauty of the dishes by looking at the picture.

**See the gold—the rich, deep gold effects**—the pure white alabaster quality. All those marks which have distinguished this china won for it the gold medal at the St. Louis World's Fair. This was the **only china** that won the gold medal at the World's Fair. Even though you become very rich and have the finest kind of house furnishings you will always be proud to entertain your friends with this dinner set. *You can truthfully and honestly tell your friends that this is the only china that won the gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition.* You can show them the gold medal mark of quality on every set.

**Now do you want this dinner set?**—this beautiful, genuine, gold medal dinner set, just for a few of your spare hours? Would not your children, or your neighbors or some of the members of your family be willing to help you on the little work we ask? We do not want to delay you one minute. Our offer is limited. Those want to earn the dinner set, should earn it at once.

## Just Your Name and Address

**Just your name and address on this coupon** or on a postal card, or in a letter, will be enough. We will promptly send you the material so that you can earn the beautiful, genuine Gold Medal Dinner Set. If you decide that you cannot do the work, or that your children don't want to, there is no harm done—just return the material, and you will be under no obligations whatever. We do not ask you to sign any order or any contracts. Just your name and address, and we will send you everything prepaid, and it will cost you nothing. "Thinking about it" does not earn you any gold medal dinner set. No harm done if you don't succeed. **Send your name and address today. Remember, the gold-plated watch free anyway** just for trying. As is fully explained in our circular. So write at once

**M. S. ROBERTS**

Department 109.

40 Dearborn

Ave.

CUT OR TEAR OFF ALONG THIS LINE

M. S. ROBERTS, Dept 109, 40 Dearborn Avenue, CHICAGO.

*I want the free watch; also would like to try for the dinner set and see whether I can earn it. If I decide that I have not the time, I have the right to return it.*

*My name is* ________________

*My address is* ________________

Do not bother with letter. Coupon will do.